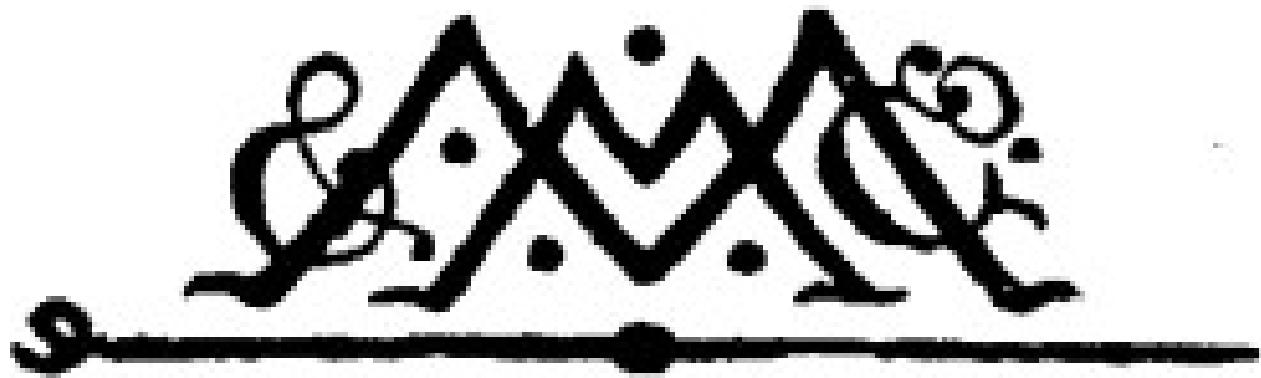




"THE BOAT IS ALONGSIDE . . . THE PERIL IS GREATER THAN EVER."—P. 26.

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1.—Rescued by the Life-boat (1)

1. ABOUT nine o'clock, tidings came to Ramsgate that a brig was ashore on the Woolpack Sands off Margate. It was, of course, concluded that the two Margate life-boats would go to the rescue ; and although there was much anxiety and excitement as to the result of the attempt the Margate boatmen would certainly make, no one had the least idea that the services of the Ramsgate life-boat would be required.

But shortly after twelve a coastguardsman from Margate hastened breathless to the pier, and to the harbour-master's office, saying, in answer to eager inquiries as he hurried on, that the two Margate life-boats had been wrecked, and that the Ramsgate boat was wanted.

2. The harbour-master immediately gave orders, "Man the life-boat."

No sooner had the words passed from his lips than the boatmen, who had crowded round the door in anticipation of the order, rushed away to the boat.

First come, first in ; not a moment's hesitation, not

a thought of further clothing ; they will go as they are, rather than not go at all.

The news rapidly spread. Each boatman as he heard it, hastily snatched up his bag of waterproof overalls, and south-wester cap, and rushed down to the boat ; and for some time boatman after boatman was to be seen racing down the pier, hoping to find a place still vacant.

If the race had been to save their lives, rather than to risk them, it would hardly have been more hotly contested.

3. Some of those who had won the race and were in the boat, were ill prepared with clothing for the hardships they would have to endure ; for if they had not their waterproofs at hand they did not delay to get them, fearing that the crew might be made up before they got to the boat.

But these men were supplied by the generosity of their disappointed friends, who had come down better prepared, but too late for the enterprise. The famous cork jackets were thrown into the boat and at once put on by the men.

4. The powerful steam-tug, well named the *Aid*, that belongs to the harbour, and has her steam up night and day ready for any emergency that may arise, speedily got her steam to full power, and with her brave and skilful master, Daniel Reading, in command, took the boat in tow, and together they made their way out of the harbour.

James Hogben, who, with Reading, has been in many a wild scene of danger, was coxswain, and steered and commanded the life-boat.

5. It was nearly low water at the time, but the

force of the gale was such as to send a good deal of spray dashing over the pier. The snow fell in blinding squalls, and drifted and eddied in every protected nook and corner.

It was hard work for the excited crowd of people, who had assembled to see the life-boat start, to battle their way through the drifts and against the wind, snow, and foam to the head of the pier; but there at last they gathered, and many a one felt his heart fail as the steamer and boat cleared the protection of the pier, and encountered the first rush of wind and sea outside.

6. "She seemed to go out under water," said one old fellow. "I would not have gone out in her for the universe."

Those who did not know the heroism and determination that such scenes call forth in the breasts of the boatmen, could not help wondering much at the eagerness which had been displayed to get a place in the boat—and this although the hardy fellows knew that the two Margate life-boats had been wrecked in the attempt to get the short distance which separated the wreck from Margate; while they would have to battle their way through the gale for ten or twelve miles before they could get even in sight of the vessel.

7. As soon as the steamer and boat got clear of the Ramsgate pier, they felt the full force of the storm, and it seemed almost doubtful whether they could make any progress against it. They slowly worked their way out of the full strength of the tide, as it swept round the head of the pier, and then began to move ahead a little more rapidly, and were soon ploughing their way through a perfect sea of foam.

8. The steamer with its engines working full power, plunged heavily along. Wave after wave broke over its bows, sent its spray flying over the funnel and mast, and deluged the deck with a tide of water, which, as it rushed aft, gave the men enough to do to hold on.

The life-boat was towing astern with fifty fathom of five-inch hawser out, an enormously strong rope about the thickness of a man's wrist. Her crew already were experiencing the dangers and discomforts that they were ready to endure, perhaps, for many hours, and without a murmur, in order to save life.

9. There was anxiety and fear; but the one thought of anxiety and fear was, as to whether they could possibly be in time to save the lives of the poor fellows, who must, for so many hours, have been clinging to a shattered wreck.

It would be hard to give a description to enable one to realise the position of the men in the boat, as they were being towed along by the steamer.

10. The use of a life-boat is, that it will float and live, where other boats would of necessity be upset or be swamped and founder. They are made for, and generally only used on occasions of extreme danger and peril, for terrible storms and wild seas.

The water flows into the boat and over it, and it still floats. Some huge wave will break over it, and for a moment bury it, but it rises in its buoyancy and shakes itself free; beaten down on its broadside by the waves and wind, it struggles hard, and soon rises again on an upright keel, and defies them to do their worst; and even if some mighty breaker should come rushing along, catch her in its curling arms, and bodily upset her, only for a few seconds would the triumph

last ; the boat would speedily right again, sitting like an ark of refuge in the boiling sea of foam, while her crew, upheld by their cork jackets, would be floating and struggling around her, until one after another would manage to regain her sides, and clamber in over her low gunwale at the waist ; and shortly she would be speeding away again on her life errand.

11. Such are the qualities of the noble boat, which we are watching, urging her way through the dismal seas, while a dozen poor fellows, some nine or ten miles off, are hanging to the shaking shrouds of a tottering mast, the waves that are breaking over them threatening every moment to be their tomb.

1. *Woolpack Sands.* A part of the famous Goodwin Sands, the scene of so many shipwrecks.

Coastguardsman. One of a body of police who watch the sea from the coast.

2. *In anticipation of.* Expecting.

Waterproof overalls. Clothing put on over all the ordinary clothes as a protection from the water.

South-wester. A waterproof hat with round top and a broad flap for falling over the neck, used by seamen in rough weather.

Pier. A structure of stone, wood, or iron, carried out into the sea as a landing-place.

3. *Enterprise.* Bold undertaking.

Cork jacket. An appliance made of cork, worn by seamen to keep them afloat if they are thrown into the water.

4. *Steam-tug.* A small steam-vessel used for towing or pulling ships out of or into docks and harbours.

Hus her steam up. Is ready to start.

Emergency. Sudden demand for help.

Took the boat in tow. Fastened the boat to the ship by means of a strong rope.

Coxswain. The person who steers and commands the boat (Saxon, *swán* = a servant ; *cock* = a boat).

5. *Eddied.* Went round and round.

6. *Heroism.* Bravery.
8. *Aft.* Towards the stern or hinder part of the ship.
10. *Buoyancy.* Power of floating on water.
Breaker. A wave broken into foam by dashing on a rocky shore.
- Keel. The piece of timber at the bottom of the boat which supports the whole frame.
- Gunwale (gun'el).* The upper timber of a ship's side.
11. *Shrouds.* Long ropes partly forming a rope ladder, which reach from the head of the mast on each side and are fastened to the sides of the ship.

2.—Rescued by the Life-boat (2)

1. Away! away, then, brave boat! gallant crew!
God grant you good progress!

Since the moment of clearing the pier, the waves that broke over the boat filled her time after time, and did everything but drown her. The men were up to their knees in water. They bent forward as much as they could, each with a firm hold upon the boat.

The spray and waves rushed over them, and as they beat continuously upon their backs, although they could not penetrate their waterproof clothing, still they chilled them to the bone; for, as the spray fell, it froze. Indeed so bitter was the cold that the men's mittens were frozen to their hands.

2. After a tremendous struggle the steamer seemed to be making head against the storm; they were well clear of the pier and getting on gallantly. They made their way through the Cud Channel, and had passed between the black and white buoys, so well known to Ramsgate visitors, when a fearful sea came heading

towards them. It met and broke over the steamer, buried her in foam, and swept along.

The life-boat rose to it, for a moment hung with her bows high in air, and then as she felt the strain of the tow-rope, plunged bodily into the wave, and was almost altogether under water.

The men were nearly washed out of her; but at that moment the tow-rope broke, the wave threw the boat back with a jerk, and as the strain of the rope suddenly ceased, the boat fell across the seas which swept in rapid succession over her, and seemed completely at their mercy.

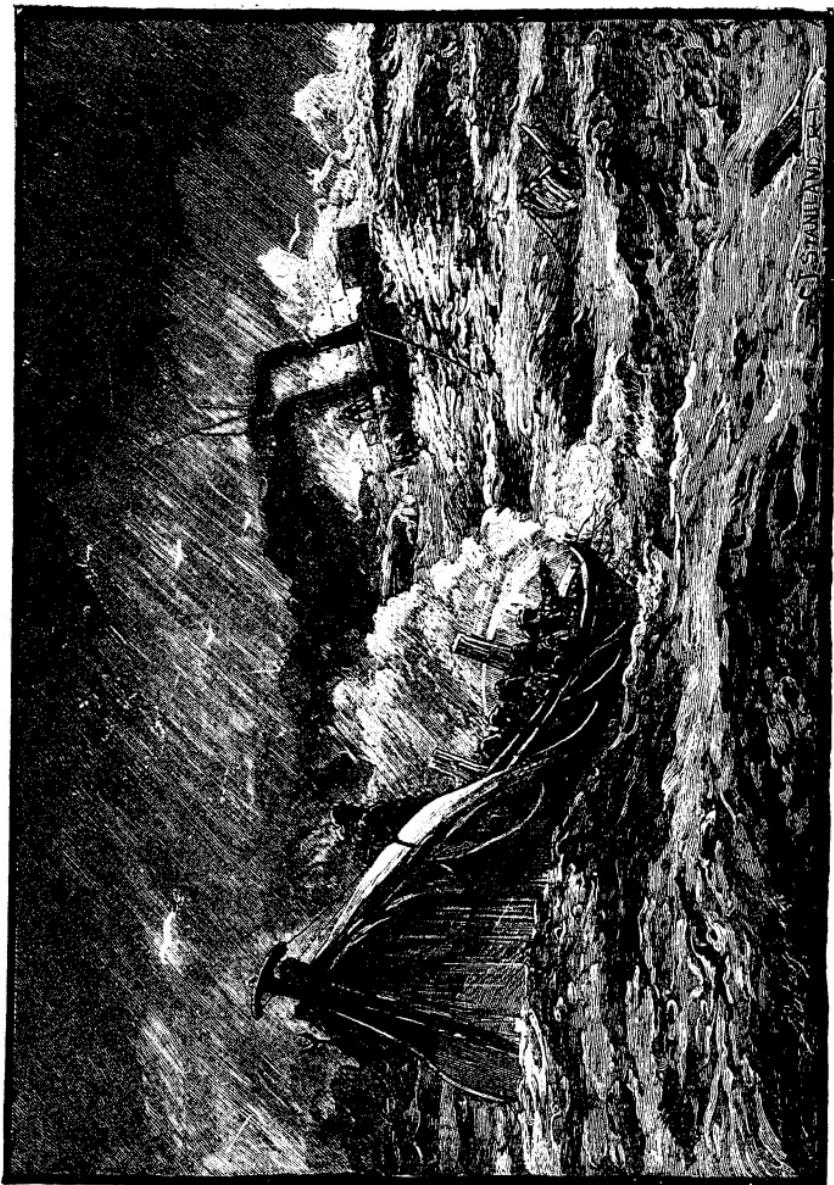
3. "Oars out! oars out!" was the cry, and the men, as soon as they could get breath, got them out, and began to make every effort to get the boat round again, head to wind, but in vain; the waves tossed the oars up, the wind caught the blades, and it was as much as the men could do to keep them in their hands.

The gale was too heavy for them, and they drifted rapidly before wind and tide towards the Brake Shoal, which was directly under their lee, and over which the seas were rushing with great violence.

4. But the steamer, which throughout was handled most admirably, both as regards skill and bravery, was put round as swiftly as possible, and very cleverly brought within a few yards to windward of the boat, as she lay athwart the sea.

The men on board the steamer threw a hauling line on board the boat, to which was attached a bran new hawser, and again took the boat in tow.

The tide was still flowing, and as it rose, the wind came up in heavier and heavier gusts, bringing with it



a blinding snow and sleet, which, with the spray still freezing as it fell, swept over the boat, till the men looked, as one said at the time, like a body of ice.

5. The men could not look to windward for the drifting snow and blinding seas which were continually rushing over them. They knew only that the strong steamer was plunging along, taking all as it came, for they felt the strain on the rope.

Thus they realised that each moment's suffering and peril brought them nearer to their poor perishing fellow-sailors; and not one heart failed, not one repented of winning the race to the life-boat.

6. Another hour's hard struggle, and they reached the North Foreland. There the sea was running tremendously high—the gale was still increasing; the snow, sleet, and spray rushed by with hurricane speed.

Although it was only early in the afternoon, the air was so darkened by the storm that it seemed a dull twilight.

The captain of the boat was steering. He peered out between his collar and cap, but looked in vain for the steamer. He knew that she was all right, for the rope kept taught. But many times, although she was only a hundred yards ahead, he could see nothing of her; still less able were the men on board the steamer to see the life-boat.

7. Often did those on the steamer anxiously look astern, and watch for a break in the drift and scud to see that the boat was all right; for although there could be no doubt as to the strain upon the rope, she might be towing along bottom up, or have all her men washed out of her, for all they could tell.

The master of the steamer watched the seas, which broke over the *Aid*, making her stagger again, as they rushed towards the life-boat, and several times the fear that she was gone came over him. But steamer and life-boat still battled successfully against the storm.

8. As soon as they were round the North Fore-land, the snow squall cleared and they sighted Margate; all anxiously looked for the wreck, but nothing of her could they see.

Where was the wreck? Had she been beaten to pieces and all lives lost? Were they too late?

A heavy mass of cloud and snow-storm rolled on to windward of them in the direction of the Sands off Margate, and they could not make out any signs of the wreck there.

9. Providentially, there was a break in the drift of the snow to windward, and they suddenly caught sight of the wreck. But for this sudden clearance in the storm they would have proceeded farther on, and some hours must have passed before they could have found out their mistake and got back again; and by that time every soul of the poor shipwrecked crew must have perished.

10. The master of the steamer made out the flag of distress flying in the rigging of the vessel, the ensign union downwards; she, doubtlessly, was the wreck of which they were in search.

But still it was a question how they could get to her, for she was on the other side of the Sand. To tow the boat round the Sand would take a long time in the face of such a gale; and for the boat to make across the Sand seemed almost impossible, so tremendous was the sea that was running over it.

11. Nevertheless there was no hesitation on the part of the life-boat crew. It seemed a forlorn hope, a very rushing upon destruction, to attempt to force the boat under canvas through such a surf and sea; but they looked at the tottering wreck; they felt how any moment might be the last to the poor fellows clinging to her, and they could not bear to think of the delay that would be occasioned by their going round the Sands.

They found that the tide was running so furiously that they must be towed at least three miles to the eastward before they would be sufficiently far to windward to make certain of fetching the wreck.

12. The gale, which had been increasing since the morning, came on heavier than ever, and roared like thunder overhead. The sea was running so furiously and meeting the life-boat with such tremendous force that the men had to cling on their hardest not to be washed out of her, and at last the new tow-rope could no longer resist the increasing strain, and suddenly parted with a tremendous jerk.

There was no thought of picking up the cable again—they could stand no further delay; and one and all of her crew rejoiced to hear the captain of the life-boat give orders to set sail.

1. *Clearing the pier.* Getting out to sea away from the pier.
Penetrate. Pass through.
2. *Buoy.* A barrel or similar article made of wood for floating on the water to point out rocks or shallows.
Bows. The rounding forepart of a ship.
3. *Under their lee.* On the side which was sheltered from the wind.
4. *Windward.* The direction from which the wind blows.

- Athwart the sea.* Across the line of the ship's course.
Flowing. Coming in.
6. *North Foreland.* A cape at the north-east corner of Kent.
 - Twilight.* The faint light before sunrise and after sunset. (*Twi*=two.)
 - Kept taught* (or *taut*). Kept tight; not slack.
 7. *Drift and scud.* Snow and clouds driven along swiftly by the wind.
 8. *Sighted.* Came in sight of; saw.
 10. *Ensign.* The national flag of the ship.
Union downwards. The union-jack, the national flag of Great Britain and Ireland, turned downwards to indicate need of help.
 11. *Forlorn hope.* A desperate case.

3.—I'll find a Way, or make it

1. It was a noble Roman,
 In Rome's imperial day,
 Who heard a coward croaker
 Before the castle say :
 “They're safe in such a fortress ;
 There is *no* way to shake it !”
 “On ! on !” exclaimed the hero ;
 “I'll find a way, or make it !”
2. Is fame your aspiration ?
 Her path is steep and high ;
 In vain he seeks her temple,
 Content to gaze and sigh.
 The shining throne is waiting,
 But he alone can take it
 Who says, with Roman firmness,
 “I'll find a way, or make it !”

3. Is learning your ambition ?

There is *no* royal road ;
 Alike the peer and peasant
 Must climb to her abode :
 Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
 In Helicon may slake it,
 If he has still the Roman will
 “ To find a way, or make it ! ”

4. Are riches worth the getting ?

They must be *bravely* sought ;
 With wishing and with fretting
 The boon cannot be bought :
 To all the prize is open,
 But only *he* can take it
 Who says, with Roman courage,
 “ I’ll find a way, or make it ! ”

SAXE.

1. *Croaker.* One who despairs of doing something ; a grumbler.
2. *Aspiration.* That which is sought after eagerly.
Content to gaze. Who does nothing but gaze.
3. *Peer.* A nobleman.
Helicon. A celebrated range of mountains in Greece, sacred to the Muses. A famous fountain rose among the hills. The poet, by poetic license, calls the fountain by the name of the hills.
4. *Slake.* Quench.
Boon. That which is desired.

4.—Rescued by the Life-boat (3)

1. Harder still blew the gale ; the rush of the sea and the blinding snow increased in violence. The storm was at its height.

As the life-boat headed for the Sands, a darkness, as of night, seemed to settle down upon the men ; they could scarcely see each other ; but on through the raging sea and blinding storm they drove the gallant boat.

As they approached the shallow water, the high part of the Sand, where the heaviest waves were breaking, they could see spreading itself before them, standing out in the gloom, a white, gleaming, barrier wall of foam.

There as the rushing waves broke, they clashed together in their recoil, and mounted up in columns of foam, their heavier volume falling, and their crests caught by the wind and carried away in white streaming clouds of spray ; while the fearful roar of the beat of the waves could be heard above the gale.

2. But still straight for the breakers the men made. No faltering, no hesitation ; brows knit, teeth clenched, hands ready, and hearts firm, and into it with a cheer.

The boat, although under the smallest sail she could carry, was driven on by the hurricane force of the wind. On through the outer range of breakers she plunged, and then came indeed a struggle for life.

The waves no longer rolled on in foaming ranks, but leapt, and clashed, and battled together in a raging boil of sea. They broke over the boat, the surf poured in first on one side of the boat, and then on the other, as she rolled to starboard and port, wildly tossed from side to side. Some waves rushed bodily over the boat, threatening to sweep every man out of her.

3. "Look out, my men ! hold on ! hold on !" was the cry.

When they saw some huge breaker heading towards them like an advancing wall, then the men threw themselves breast down on the thwart, curled their legs under it, clasped it with all their force with both arms, held their breath hard, and clung on for very life against the tear and wrestle of the wave, while the rush of water poured over their backs and heads, and buried them in its flood.

Down, down, beneath the weight of the water, the men and boat sank; but only for a moment. The splendid boat rose in her buoyancy, and freed herself of the seas, which for a moment had overcome her and buried her, and her crew breathed again; and a struggling cry of triumph rises from them. "Well done, old boat! well done! all right! all right!"

Yes, all hands here, no one washed out of her; and with a quick glance of mutual congratulation they look at each other, and rejoice that all are safe; scarce time for a word.

4. "Now she goes through it, now she's forging ahead! keep a tight hold, my boys!"

A moment's lull, as she glided on the crest of some huge wave, or only smaller ones tried their strength against her. Then again the monster fellows came heading on; again the warning cry was given—"Look out! hold on! hold on!" and the men crouched, and clung, and struggled for their lives, while the wild waves rushed over the boat.

5. Thus until they got clear of the Sands the fearful struggle was again and again repeated; but at last it was for a time over; they had burst through the belt of raging surf and got again into deep water.

They had then only the huge rolling waves and

less broken tumble of sea to contend with. This, in such a furious gale of wind, was bad enough, and almost more than any other kind of boat could have endured ; but it was little in comparison to what they had just gone through, and escaped from.

6. The boat was now put before the wind, and every man in her was on the look-out for the wreck.

For a time it remained so thick that there was no possibility of finding her ; when again a second time a sudden break in the storm revealed her : she was about half a mile to leeward.

They shifted the foresail with great difficulty, and again made in for the Sands towards the vessel.

The appearance of the wreck as they approached her made even the stoutest among them shudder.

She had settled down by the stern in the Sands, the uplifted bow being the only part of the hull that was to be seen ; the sea was making a clear breach over her.

The mainmast was gone, her foresail and foretop-sail were blown adrift, and great columns of foam were mounting up, flying over her foremast and bow.

7. Approaching the wreck, it was with terrible anxiety they strained their sight, trying to discover if there were still any men left in the tangled mass of rigging, over which the sea was breaking so furiously. By degrees they made them out.

"I see a man's head ; look ! one is waving his arm."—"I make out two ! three ! Why the rigging is full of the poor fellows" ; and with a cheer of triumph, at being yet in time, the life-boat crew settled to their work.

8. The wreck of the mainmast, and the tremendous

wash of sea over the vessel, prevented their going to the lee of the wreck. This increased their danger tenfold, as the result proved.

1. *Barrier wall.* A wall which *bars*, i.e. stops or hinders progress.
Recoil. Movement backwards.
2. *Surf.* Foaming water made by the waves beating on the shore.
Starboard and port. The right-hand side of a ship looking towards the head or bows is called the *starboard*; the left-hand side is called the *larboard* or *port*.
3. *Thwart.* The seat placed athwart or across the boat, on which the rowers sit.
Mutual congratulation. Joy expressed by each at the safety of the other.
4. *Foraging ahead.* Making her way onward slowly and laboriously.
5. *In comparison to.* Compared with.
6. *Making a clear breach.* Breaking right over her.
Mainmast. The principal or middle mast in a ship.

5.—Rescued by the Life-boat (4)

1. When about forty yards from the wreck, they lowered their sails, and cast the anchor over the side. The moment for which the boat had so gallantly battled for four hours, and the shipwrecked had waited almost in despair for eight hours, had at last arrived.

2. No cheering, no shouting in the boat now, no whisper beyond the necessary orders; the risk and suspense are too terrible. Yard by yard, the cable is cautiously payed out, and the great rolling seas are allowed to carry the boat, little by little, nearer to the vessel. The waves break over the boat, for a moment

bury it, and then as the sea rushes on, and breaks upon the wreck, the spray, flying up, hides the men lashed to the rigging from the boatmen's sight. They hoist up a corner of the sail to let the boat sheer in; all are ready; a huge wave lifts them.

3. "Pay out the cable! sharp, men! sharp!" the coxswain shouts; "belay all!" The cable was let go a few yards by the run, and the boat is alongside the wreck. With a cry, three men jump into the boat and are saved!

"All hands to the cable! haul in hand over hand, for your lives, men, quick!" the coxswain cries; for he sees a tremendous wave rushing in swiftly upon them.

They haul in the cable, and draw the boat a little from the wreck. The wave passes and breaks over the vessel. If the life-boat had been alongside she would have been dashed against the wreck, and perhaps capsized, or washed over, and utterly destroyed.

4. Again the men watch the waves, and as they see a few smaller ones approaching, let the cable run again, and get alongside.

This time they are able to remain a little longer by the vessel; and one after another, thirteen of the shipwrecked men unlash themselves from the rigging and jump into the boat, when again they draw away from the vessel in all haste, and avoid threatened destruction.

5. "Are they all saved?" No! three of the vessel's crew, Spaniards, are still left in the rigging; they seem almost dead, and scarcely able to unlash themselves. They crawl down the shrouds and await the return of the boat.



Again the boat is alongside, and this time the peril is greater than ever. They must place the boat close to the vessel, for the men are too weak to make any spring to reach her; they must remain alongside for a longer time, for two life-boatmen must get on to the wreck and lift the men on board.

But, as before, they go coolly, quietly, and determinedly to work. The cable is veered out, the sail manœuvred to make the boat sheer, and again she is alongside; the men are seized by their arms and clothing, and dragged into the boat.

6. The last one left is the cabin-boy; he seems entangled in the rigging. The poor little fellow had a canvas bag of trinkets and things he was taking as presents to the loved ones at home; and all through the howling storm, the rush and beat of the waves, as he held on exhausted and half dead to the shrouds, he still thought of those loved friends, and clung to the canvas bag.

God only knows whether the loved ones at home were thinking of, and praying for him; and whether it was in answer to their prayers and those of many others that the life-boat then rode alongside that wreck, an ark of safety mid the raging seas.

7. They shout; the boy lingers still; his half-dead hands cannot free the bag from the entangled rigging.

A moment more and all will be lost.

A boatman makes a spring, seizes the lad with a strong grasp, and tears him down from the rigging into the boat—too late, too late; they cannot get away from the vessel.

A tremendous wave rushes on. Hold hard all;

hold anchor! hold cable! Give but a yard, and all are lost!

The boat lifts, is washed into the fore-rigging; the sea passes, and she settles down again upon an even keel!

8. Thank God! If one stray rope of all the torn and tangled rigging of the vessel had caught the boat's rigging, or one of her spars—if the boat's keel or cork fenders had caught in the shattered gunwale, she would have turned over, and every man in her been shaken into the sea to speedy and certain death.

Thank God, it is not so, and once more they are safe.

2. *Cable*. A rope or chain, in this case fastened to the anchor.

Payed out. Let out.

3. *Belay*. Fasten.

Capsized. Overturned.

5. *Veered out*. Let out.

Manœuvred. Moved dexterously.

Sheer. Keep clear of obstructions.

6. *Cabin-boy*. A boy who waits on the passengers and officers of a ship.

Trinkets. Small articles of little value.

7. *Fore-rigging*. The rigging is the cordage belonging to the masts, yards, or other parts of the ship.

8. *Cork fenders*. Cork hung over the side of the boat to defend the boat from injury, if it strikes some other object.

6.—Death's Seasons

1. Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

2. Day is for mortal care ;
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;—
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

3. We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,—
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

4. Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
 Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?—
 They have *one* season—all are ours to die !

5. Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

6. Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

7. Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set,—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

MRS. HEMANS.

3. *Wane.* Grow less.

4. *Gale.* Here means a gentle breeze.

6. *Crest.* Helmet.

7.—Rescued by the Life-boat (5)

1. The boat is very crowded; she has her own crew of thirteen on board; the captain, mate, sixteen seamen and the boy; thus, thirty-two souls in all form her precious freight.

The life-boatmen at once, without a second's delay, haul in the cable as fast as possible, and draw up to the anchor to get clear of the wreck, for they must get some distance away before they dare let go their cable, or with the wind and seas setting directly towards the vessel they would be driven upon her, unless they had plenty of room to sail by her.

2. An anxious time it is, as they draw up to the anchor; at last they are pretty clear, and hoist the sail to draw still farther away before they let go.

There is no thought of getting the anchor up in such a gale and sea.

"She draws away," cries the captain of the boat, "pay out the cable; stand by to cut it; pass the hatchet forward; cut the cable, quick, my men, quick."

3. There is a moment's delay, a delay by which indeed all their lives are saved; a few strong blows with the hatchet, and the cable would have been parted.

A boatman takes out his knife, and begins gashing away at the hawser. Already one strand out of the three, which form the strong rope, is severed, when a fearful gust of wind sweeps by; the boat heels over almost on her side—a crash is heard, and the mast and sail are blown clean out of the boat.

4. Never was a moment of greater peril.

Away in the rush of the wave the boat is carried straight for the wreck. The cable is payed out and is slack. They haul it in as fast as they can, but on they are carried swiftly, apparently to certain destruction.

Let them hit the wreck full, and the next wave must throw the boat bodily upon it, and all her crew will be swept at once into the sea ; let them but touch the wreck, and the risk is fearful.

5. On they are carried. The stem of the boat just grazes the bow of the vessel ; they must be capsized by the bowsprit and entangled in the wreckage.

Some of the crew are ready for a spring into the bowsprit to prolong their lives a few minutes, the others are all steadily, eagerly, quietly hauling in upon the cable might and main, as the only chance of safety to the boat and crew.

One moment more and all will be gone.

One more haul upon the cable ; a fathom or so comes in by the run, and at that moment it mercifully taughtens and holds ; all may yet be safe. Another yard or two and the boat would have been dashed to pieces.

6. They again haul in the cable, and draw the boat away as rapidly as they can from the wreck, but they do it with a terrible dread, for they remember the cut strand of the rope. Will the remaining two strands hold ?

The strain is fearful ; each time that the boat lifts to a wave, the cable tightens and jerks, and they think it breaking ; but it still holds, and a thrill of joy passes through the heart of all, as they hear that the cut part of the rope is safely in the boat.

7. But the danger is not even yet over: all this time the mast and sail have been dragging over the side of the boat; it is with great difficulty that they get them on board.

The mast had been broken short off about three feet from the heel.

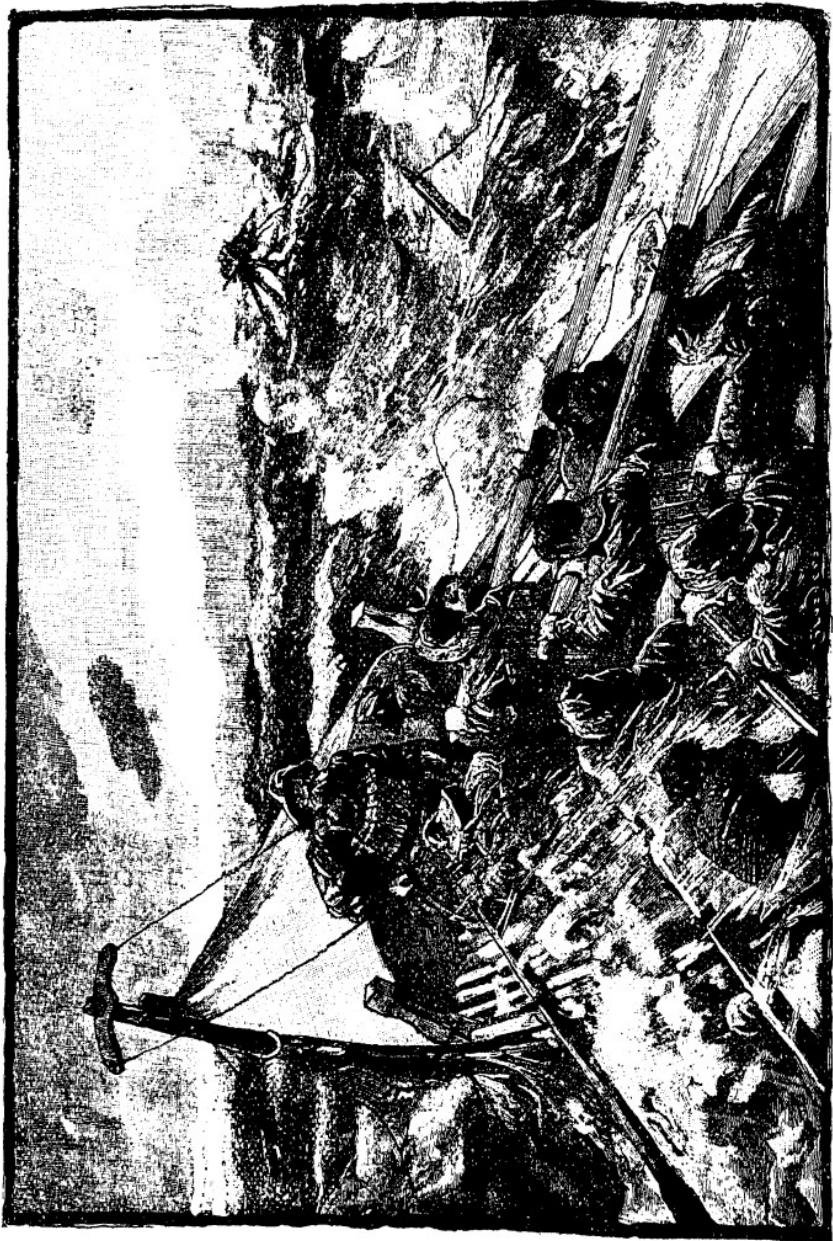
They chop a new heel to it, and rig it up as speedily as they can, but it takes long to do so; for the boat is lying in the trough of the sea, and the waves are constantly breaking over her; moreover, she is so crowded that the men can scarcely move, and the gale is blowing as hard as ever.

8. For the poor Spaniards, as they cling to each other, the terrors of death seem scarcely passed away; they know nothing of the properties of the life-boat, and cannot believe that it will live long in such a sea. As the waves beat over the boat and fill it, they imagine that she will founder, and each time that the great rolling seas launch themselves at her, they cling to each other, expecting that she will capsize.

Besides, the poor fellows' nerves are not in a very good state. For eight hours they have been in great danger; for a large portion of that time in momentary expectation of death, during the four hours they were lashed to the rigging of the wreck, with the life nearly beaten and frozen out of them by the constant rush of sea and of spray, and by the bitter wind.

9. One of the Spaniards seeing a life-belt lying down, which one of the crew had thrown off in the hurry of his work, sits upon it by way of making himself doubly safe.

But the work goes on. At last the mast is fitted and raised. No unnecessary word is spoken all this



"THE STRUGGLE IS NOT YET OVER."

time, for the life and death struggle is not yet over ; nor, indeed, can it be before they are well away from the neighbourhood of the wreck.

Now, as they hoist the sail, the boat gradually draws away ; the cable is again payed out little by little ; as soon as they are well clear of the vessel they cut it, and away they sail.

10. The terrible suspense when each moment was a moment of fearful risk, is over. It had lasted from the time when they let go the anchor to the time when they got clear of the vessel—about one hour.

The men could now breathe freely, their faces brighten, and from one and all there arises spontaneously a pealing cheer. They are no longer face to face with death, and thankfully and joyfully they sail away from the Sands, the breakers, and the wreck.

3. *Hawser.* A small cable or large towing-line.

5. *Bowsprit.* A pole or spar that projects outwards from the head of a vessel.

7. *Heel.* The lower end of the mast.

8. *Momentary expectation.* Expecting death every moment.

10. *Spontaneously.* With one accord.

8.—Rescued by the Life-boat (6)

1. The gale was still at its height, but the peril they were in then seemed nothing to what they had gone through, and had happily left behind. In the great reaction of feeling, the freezing cold and sleet, the driving wind, and foam, and sea, were all forgotten ; and they felt as light-hearted as if they were out on a pleasant summer's cruise.

They could at last look round and see whom they had in the boat, speak hearty words of congratulation to the Englishmen, and strive by a good deal of broken English, and slaps on the back, and shaking of hands, to cheer up the Spanish sailors, and to let them know how glad they are to have saved them.

2. They then proceeded in search of the steamer, which, after casting the life-boat adrift, made for shelter to the back of the Hook Sand, not far from the Reculvers, and there waited, her crew anxiously on the look-out for the return of the life-boat.

3. The night was coming on apace ; it was not until they had run three or four miles that they sighted the steamer ; and when they got alongside her it was a difficult matter to get the saved crew on board.

The sea was raging, and the gale blowing as much as ever, and the steamer rolled and pitched heavily. The poor shipwrecked fellows were too exhausted to spring for the steamer as the opportunities occurred, and had to be almost lifted on board, one poor fellow being hauled on board by a rope.

4. Again the boat was taken in tow, almost all her crew remaining in her, and they commenced their return home. The night was very dark and clear ; the sea and gale had lost none of their force ; and until the steamer and boat had got well round the North Foreland, the struggle to get back was just as great as it had been to get there.

Once round the Foreland the wind was well on the quarter, and they made easier way.

Light after light opened to them ; Kingsgate and Broadstairs were passed, and at last the Ramsgate

pier-head light shone out with its bright welcome, and the men began to feel that their work was nearly over.

5. A telegram had been sent from Margate in the afternoon, stating that the Ramsgate life-boat had been seen to save the crew; but nothing more had been heard. The boatmen had calculated the time when they thought the steamer and life-boat might both be back; and the fearful violence of the storm suggested some sad occasion for the delay.

As hour after hour grew on, the anxiety increased; real alarm was beginning to be felt by all, and a keen watch was kept for the first appearance of the steamer and boat round the edge of the cliff.

6. As the tide went down, and the sea broke less heavily over the pier, the men could venture farther along it, until, by the time of the boat's return, they were enabled to assemble at the end of the pier, and there a large and anxious crowd gathered.

The anxiety of all was increased by the suggestions and speculations of disasters, which always present themselves at a time of suspense and apprehension; and so, when the steamer was announced with the life-boat in tow, the reaction was great, and the watchers shouted for very joy.

7. And as the "Storm Warriors" entered the harbour waving the strong right arms that had worked so well and shouted, "All saved! All saved!" and the flags of triumph were seen flying out in the gale, cheer after cheer broke from the crowd as they welcomed home from the dread battle-field those who had fought and conquered, and now bore with them as trophies of their victory, nineteen men, fellow-sailors,

whose lives had been saved from a terrible and certain death.

8. And many cheered again as they thought of the number who would have had life-long cause to mourn, if these poor fellows had perished. Parents, wives, children—what a group they would form if they could be pictured watching the saved ones return.

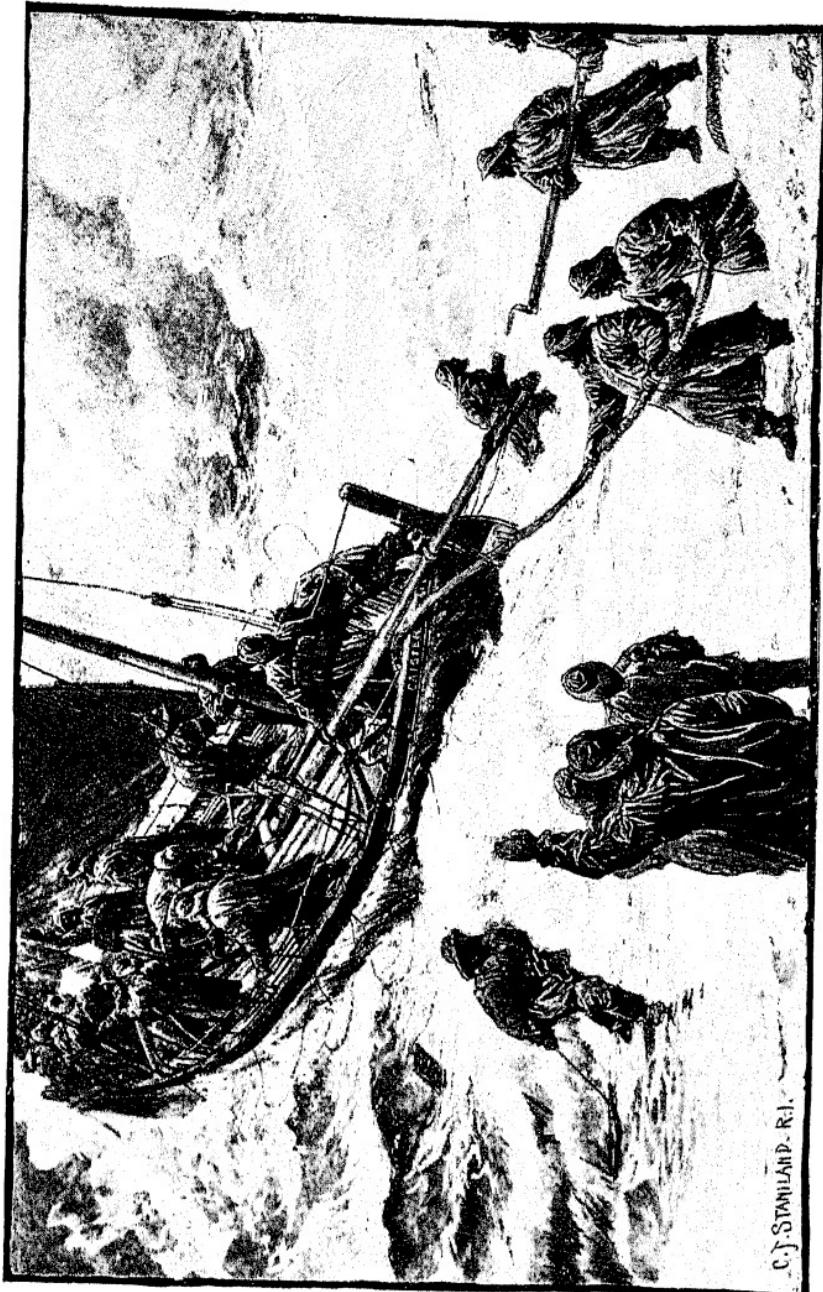
What words, and looks, and tears of thanks where feelings are too deep for words, would they have for the Storm Warriors, for the life-boat cause, and for the generous English people who have placed such boats at the disposal of such brave hearts and strong hands—of men ready to dare all and to do all that men can do to rescue the perishing from death.

2. *Reculvers.* High chalk cliffs on the coast of Kent.
4. *On the quarter.* Nearly, but not quite in the direction of the stern of the ship.
6. *Speculations.* Thoughts as to what might have happened.
Disasters. Misfortunes.
Apprehension. Fear.
Reaction. The feeling of joy in place of doubt and anxiety.

9.—The Life-boat (7)

FIRST VOICE

1. Quick ! man the life-boat ! See yon bark
That drives before the blast !
There's a rock ahead, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her ?



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

C. J. STANLAND, R.A.

Her main-mast is gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.

ALL

The life-boat ! Man the life-boat !

SECOND VOICE

2. Quick ! man the life-boat ! Hark ! the gun
Booms through the vapoury air ;
And see ! the signal flags are on,
That speak the ship's despair.
That fork'd flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her ;
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock—
And the wail comes louder and deeper.

ALL

The life-boat ! Man the life-boat !

THIRD VOICE

3. Quick ! man the life-boat ! See the crew
Gaze on their watery grave :
Already some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave ;
And one there stands and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him !
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.

ALL

The life-boat ! Man the life-boat !

FOURTH VOICE

4. Speed, speed the life-boat ! Off she goes !
 And, as they pulled the oar,
 From shore and ship a cheer arose
 That startled ship and shore.
 Life-saving ark, yon fated bark
 Has human lives within her ;
 And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
 Thou'l't save if thou canst win her.

ALL

On, life-boat ! Speed thee, life-boat !

FIFTH VOICE

5. Hurrah ! the life-boat dashes on,
 Though dark the reef may frown ;
 The rock is there—the ship is gone
 Full twenty fathoms down.
 But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
 With the billows single-handed :
 They are all in the boat !—hurrah ! they're
 afloat !—
 And now they are safely landed,
 By the life-boat !

FIRST VOICE

Cheer the life-boat !

ALL

Hurrah ! hurrah for the life-boat !

1. *Bark* or *barque*. A small ship.
Human power. The power of man.

Avert the doom. Turn aside the destruction which threatens her.

Reef. A ridge of rocks lying at or near the surface of the water.

2. *Signal flags.* Flags flying as a signal or sign of distress.

Wail. Cry of despair.

3. *Heights.* Cliffs.

4. *Untold.* Not able to be counted.

5. *Twenty fathoms.* 120 feet. A fathom is 6 feet.

Cope. Struggle.

10.—A Brave Girl (1)

1. Blentarn Ghyll is the name of a little narrow gorge in those Westmoreland mountains, called Langdale Pikes, at whose feet lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, called in the north "becks." One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as on a lawn, from being cropped short by the sheep, which can be turned out here earlier in the spring than on the other mountainsides.

2. At one end Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere, at the other is a steep ascent, leading to a bare stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains, and with no outlet except the rough descent into Easedale, and likewise a dangerous winding path about six miles over the mountains to Langdale Head. This lonely ravine is called Far Easedale, and at the upper end there formerly stood a cottage named Blentarn Ghyll. Ghyll means a cleft worn in the rock by water; and just above the cottage there is

such a cleft, opening from a basin in the rock that must once have been a "tarn," or mountain lakelet; but the pool is now dry, and for want of the living eye of sparkling water, it is termed Blentarn or Blind pool.

3. The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old



LANGDALE PIKES.

soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman, who kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school at Grasmere whenever the weather did not make the long wild mountain walk impossible for them.

4. It was in the winter of the year 1807 that

there was an auction of furniture at a farmhouse at Langdale Head. These sales are great occasions among the people of these hills; every one attends them for a considerable distance round, and there is much friendly hospitality, much business of all sorts transacted, and many meetings of old friends, who scarcely ever see each other at other times.

5. To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off early in the forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl of nine years old, named Agnes, for they had neither indoor nor outdoor servant, and no neighbour nearer than Grasmere.

6. Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day, but towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air told that a storm was working up; the children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

7. Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and oatmeal porridge, and they sat down waiting and watching, and fancying they heard sounds in the hills; but the clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the threshold, no hand at the latch, no voice at the door, only the white silent flakes fell thicker and thicker, and began to close up the door, and come in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows.

8. Agnes tried to cheer the others up, but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the peat fire on the hearth, round

which they were nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat on with the others, two boys and another girl, named Catherine, till the clock struck twelve, when she heard them one by one say their prayers, and doing the same



GRASMERE LAKE.

herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care.

9. The morning came, and no father and mother; only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope; she thought her father and mother might have taken shelter at night in some sheepfold, or that the snow

might have prevented them from setting out at all, and they might come home by Grasmere in the morning. She cheered herself up, and dressed the others, made them say their prayers, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting, as she saw the lessening stores, that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there.

10. She longed to go down to Grasmere in order to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded, and the crazy wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it that, when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage.

11. She said afterwards that she could not help being terrified at the loneliness and desolateness, but that she recollect ed that at least if she could not get out, no bad men could get in to hurt them; and she set herself resolutely to comfort and help the lesser creatures who depended on her.

12. She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent; next she took all the remaining milk and scalded it, to prevent it turning sour; then she looked into the meal chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all except the babies upon short allowance; but to reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth.

1. *Gorge.* A narrow passage between hills.

2. *Ravine.* A deep hollow formed by the action of water.

- Lakelet.* Little lake. *Let* at the end of a word means little.
4. *Auction.* A public sale.
7. *Crevices.* Chinks.
10. *Communication.* The means of getting from one place to the other.
- Waded.* Crossed on foot.
- Crazy.* Rotten.
11. *Desolateness.* Gloom.
12. *Short allowance.* Smaller quantities.
- Reconcile.* To make them contented.

11.—A Brave Girl (2)

1. It was snowing so fast that she feared that the way to the peat stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of the two boys, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week and carry it indoors ; and she examined the potatoes laid up in bracken leaves, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she only took enough for a single meal. Milking the cow was the next office performed by this orderly little maid, but the poor thing was half starved and had little to give.

2. Agnes saw that more hay must be given to her, and calling the boys, scrambled with them into the loft, and began to pull down the hay ; but this was severe work for such young children, and darkness came on in the midst, frightening the two little fellows, so that it required all the sister's steady resolution and perseverance to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed.

3. Supper-time came, and after it the motherly child

undressed the twins and found voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the huddle of the other three, nestled on the hearth, and hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, held their breath, and then, as it died away, were conscious of the silence of the lull.

4. So fierce was the snow-drift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out, as it came hissing down the chimney. Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help came; again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her.

5. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children, had all been well with them. Agnes described herself as getting through this third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

6. By the following morning the snow was over, and the wind had changed, sweeping away the drifts, so that though the treacherous bridge might not be attempted, a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere, by a circuit, which would avoid crossing the brook.

7. It would be needful to force some gaps—that is, to push down the loose stones of the uncemented stone walls that divided the fields, and the little boys came with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill; but the way was long and unsafe for small

children, and Agnes sent them back, while she made her way alone, a frail little being in the vast slopes of snow, to the house nearest in Grasmere.

8. She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother, than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half an hour the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met at Kirktown, the hamlet close to the parish church, to seek for them.

9. The last that was known of them was that, after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late ; but where they had gone no one knew. Some of the people of Langdale likewise had heard wild shrieks at midnight on the night after the sale, but had fancied them merely the moans of the wind.

10. One day after another the search continued, but still in vain. The neighbours patiently gave up their work day after day to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but for three—or some say five—days no trace of them was found. At last dogs were used, and guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost was found.

11. There lay Sarah Green, wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, of course quite dead, and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show that he had been killed by the fall without a struggle. The neighbours thought that the mist and snow must have bewildered them till they had wandered thus far in the darkness, and that George had been making a few steps forward to make out the

road when the fall took place, but that his wife had very possibly been unconscious of his fall, and stood still where he had left her, uttering those sad cries that had been so little regarded at Langdale, until she was unable to move and was benumbed by the sleep of cold.

12. Those who knew them best thought that the poor woman's grief and terror for her lonely little ones had probably so overpowered her as to disturb her husband's coolness and presence of mind, and that if he had been alone, he would probably have easily saved himself. The brave little girl, keeping her patient watch and guard over the five younger ones, and setting out on her lonely way through the snow, must have had more of the spirit of her soldier-father than of her mother.

13. The father and mother were buried on a lovely spring day at St. Oswald's Churchyard at Kirktown, and Wordsworth wrote—

Now do these sternly-featured hills
Look gently on this grave,
And quiet now the depths of air
As sea without a wave.

After the funeral, the farm-folk of the neighbourhood were all pressing forward to beg to adopt one or other of the little orphans.

14. The twins were kept together, Catherine was taken by the Wordsworth family, Agnes and her brothers found separate but comfortable homes among their parents' friends. Help came pouring in. Queen Charlotte and her daughters were greatly touched by the mountain child's tender motherliness, and sent a handsome donation for the benefit of the orphans ; and

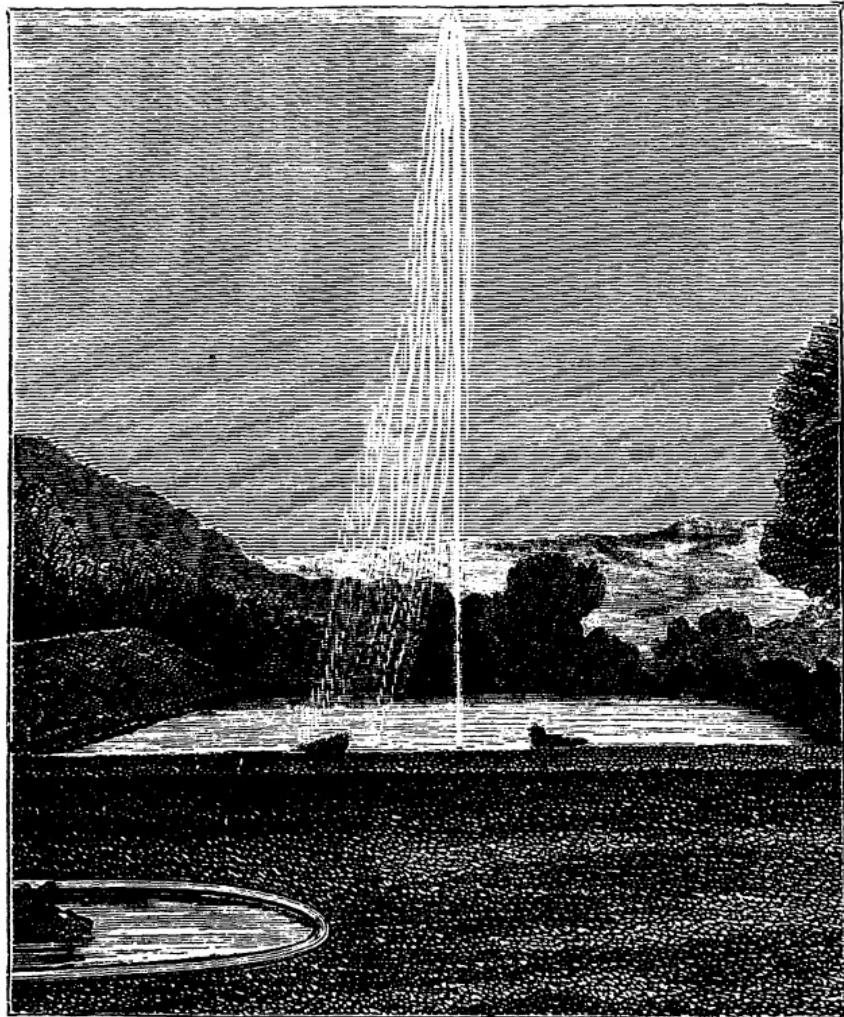
so many subscriptions were offered, that at last Miss Wordsworth declined receiving any more, lest the children should be injured by having too much wealth for the station to which they were growing up.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

1. *Peat stack.* Pile of turf for fuel.
3. *Joined the huddle.* Lay down with the group.
6. *Drifts.* Heaps of snow blown up by the wind.
Circuit. Roundabout way.
8. *Hamlet.* A small village.
10. *Precipice.* A steep perpendicular rock.
11. *Posture.* Position.
13. *Wordsworth.* A great poet, born at Cockermouth in Cumberland 1770 ; died 1850 ; buried at Grasmere.
To adopt. To bring up as their own.
14. *Queen Charlotte.* The wife of George III.
Donation. Gift.

12.—The Fountain

1. Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night
2. Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow !
3. Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day !



"LEAPING AND FLASHING."

4. Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;
5. Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,

Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

6. Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

7. Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

8. Glorious fountain !
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee !

J. R. LOWELL.

13.—A Strange Boy

1. It is difficult to tell how Thomas Edward became a naturalist. He himself says he could never tell. Various influences determine the direction of boys' likings and dislikings. Boys who live in the country are usually fond of birds and bird-nesting; just as girls who live at home are fond of dolls and doll-keeping. But this boy had more than the ordinary tendency to like living things; he wished to live among them. He made pets of them, and desired to have them constantly about him.

2. When only about four months old he leaped from his mother's arms in the vain endeavour to catch

some flies buzzing in the window. She clutched him by his long clothes, and saved him from falling to the ground.

3. When the family removed to Aberdeen, young Edward was in his glory. Close at hand were some small green river islands covered with waving sedge. Between the islands were channels, through which the tide flowed, with numerous pits or hollows. These were the places for minnows, eels, crabs, and worms.

4. Above the islands the town's manure was laid down. The heaps were remarkably prolific in beetles, rats, sparrows, and numerous kinds of flies. Then the neighbouring stream yielded no end of horse-leeches, tadpoles, frogs, and other creatures that abound in fresh or muddy water.

5. The boy used daily to play at these places, and brought home with him his "venomous beasts," as the neighbours called them. At first they consisted, for the most part, of tadpoles, beetles, snails, frogs, stickle-backs, and small green crabs. But as he grew older he brought home horse-leeches, newts, young rats—a nest of young rats was a glorious prize—field-mice and house-mice, hedgehogs, moles, birds, and birds' nests of various kinds.

6. The fishes and birds were easily kept; but, as there was no secure place for the toads, horse-leeches, rats, and such things, they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbours complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horse-leeches crawled up their legs and stuck to them, fetching blood; the toads and newts roamed about the floors;

and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them.

7. The boy was spoken to severely. His mother threw out all his horse-leeches, crabs, birds, and birds' nests, and he was strictly forbidden to bring such things into the house again. But it was of no use.



HEDGEHOG AND YOUNG.

The next time that he went out to play he brought home as many of his "beasts" as before.

8. He was then threatened with corporal punishment; but that very night he brought in a nest of young rats. He was then flogged; but it did him no good. The disease, if it might be so called, was so firmly rooted in him as to be entirely beyond the power of outward appliances.

9. As he could not be kept at home, but was

always running after his "beasts," his father at last determined to take his clothes from him altogether; so, one morning when he went to work, he carried them with him. When the boy got up, and found that he had nothing to wear, he was in a state of great dismay. His mother, having pinned a bit of an old petticoat round his neck, said to him, "I'm sure you'll be a prisoner this day."

10. But no! His mother went downstairs for milk, leaving him in the house. He had tied a string round his middle, to make himself a little more fit for moving about. He followed his mother downstairs, and hid himself at the back of the entry door; and as soon as she had passed in, Tom bolted out, ran down the street, and immediately was at his old employment of hunting for crabs, horse-leeches, toads, and stickle-backs.

11. When Edward was between four and five years old, he was sent to a school kept by an old woman called Bell Hill. He was accustomed to bring many of his "beasts" with him to school. The scholars were delighted with his butterflies, but few of them cared to be bitten or stung by his other animals, and to have horse-leeches crawling about them was unendurable. Thus Edward became a source of dread and annoyance to the whole school.

12. At last he brought with him an animal of a much larger sort than usual. It was a jackdaw. He used to keep it at home, but it made such a noise that he was sent out with it one morning with strict orders not to bring it back again. He must let it go, or give it to somebody else.

13. But he was fond of his jackdaw, and his

jackdaw was fond of him. It would follow him about like a dog. He could not part with the bird, so he took it to school with him. But how could he hide it? Little boys' trousers were in those days buttoned over their vest; and as Tom's trousers were pretty wide, he thought he could get the bird in there. He



WHITETHROAT.

got it safely into his trousers before he entered the school.

14. So far, so good. But when the schoolmistress gave the word "Pray," all the little boys and girls knelt down, turning their backs to her. At this movement the jackdaw became fractious. He could not accommodate himself to the altered position.

15. But seeing a little light overhead, he made for

it. He thrust his beak through the opening between the trousers and the vest. He pushed his way upward ; Tom squeezed him downward to where he was before. But this only made the jackdaw furious. He struggled, forced his way upward, got his bill through the opening, and then his head.

16. The jackdaw immediately began to *cre-waw ! cre-waw !* "Heaven preserve us ! What's this now ?" cried Bell, starting to her feet. "It's Tom Edward again," shouted the scholars, "with a crow sticking out of his trousers !" Bell went up to him, pulled him up by his collar, dragged him to the door, thrust him out, and locked the door after him. Edward never saw Bell Hill again.

From *The Life of a Scotch Naturalist*,
by SAMUEL SMILES.

1. *Naturalist*. One who studies the natural history of animals.
3. *Aberdeen*. A seaport at the mouth of the river Dee in Scotland, known as the "Granite City."
-
- Sedge*. A flag-leaved plant called the river-flag.
4. *Prolific*. Fruitful ; full of.
-
- Tadpole*. A frog in its first stage after leaving the egg.
5. *Venomous*. Poisonous.
-
- Neuts*. Small water-lizards.
11. *Unendurable*. Not able to be borne.
14. *Fractionous*. Restless ; peevish.

14.—Life Underground

1. Of all the coal-fields in England, the Northumberland and Durham coal-field is the most important. It extends as far north as the river Coquet, and as far

south as the Tees. For the most part it extends quite to the margin of the sea on the east, while on the west it reaches about ten miles beyond a line drawn north and south through Newcastle. Throughout this district the coal strata "dip" or descend towards the east, and crop out or ascend towards the west. At one point a particular seam, called the High Main, lies



A SCENE IN THE COAL COUNTRY.

at a depth of nearly a thousand feet; while at other spots the same seam rises nearly to the surface.

2. Throughout the greater part of the coal-field the various beds of coal amount to upwards of eighty, consisting of alternating beds of coal, sandstone, and slate-clay. The thickness of the whole is about sixteen hundred feet—equal to nearly five times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.

3. All these seams of coal have different names. The two most important are called High Main and Low Main. They are each about six feet in thickness ; the latter lies three or four hundred feet below the former, and eight seams of lesser thickness intervene between them. It is calculated that the entire aggregate thickness of workable coal is about thirty feet.

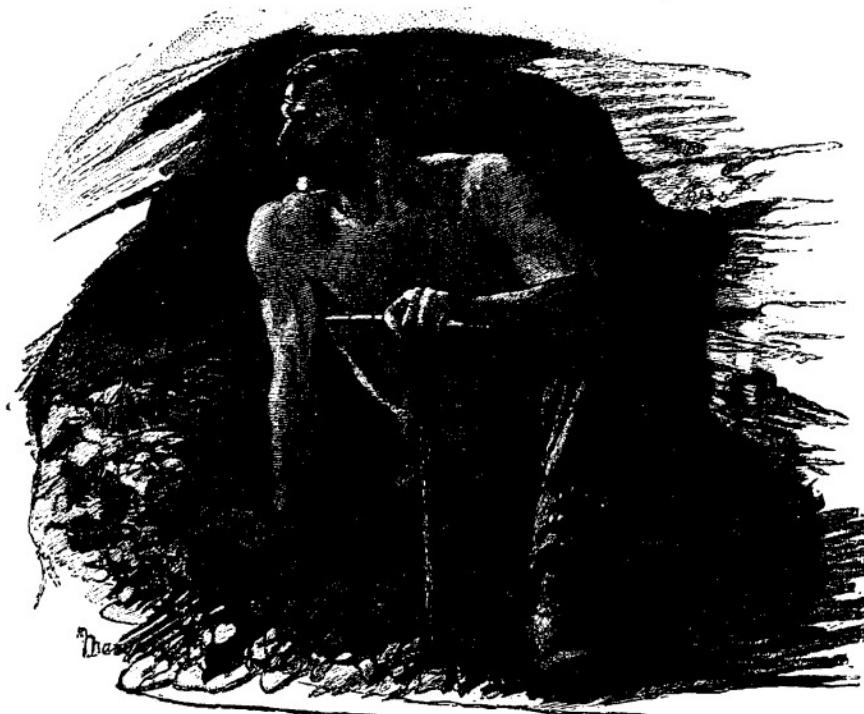
4. To those deep-lying coals we must ask the reader to pay a visit. Stepping into a basket, or a large iron tub, we are lowered by means of very strong ropes or chains. Arrived at the bottom of the pit, what do we see ? Nothing, or nothing but darkness visible ; all vestige of daylight is effectually shut out, and it is long before we become accustomed to the light of the candles carried by the men. Each one appears as a mere spark, a point of light in the midst of intense darkness, for the walls or surfaces around are too dark to reflect much of the light.

5. By degrees, however, the eye accommodates itself to the strange scene ; and men are to be seen moving about in galleries or long passages, working in positions which would seem enough to break the back of an ordinary workman ; while boys and horses are seen to be aiding in bringing the coal to the mouth of the pit. Some of those horses go through the whole of their career without seeing the light of day : they are born in the pit, reared in the pit, and die in the pit.

6. A coal-mine is not simply a pit with coal at the bottom of it. The pit is merely an entrance, from the bottom of which passages run out in every direction to a great distance. Those passages are cut in a " seam " of coal, and are a natural result of the mode of working the coal.

those explosions take place which so frequently give rise to such fearful results.

12. The *hever* is the actual coal digger. Whether the seam be so narrow that he can hardly creep into it on hands and knees, or whether it be tall enough to



A COAL HEWER.

stand upright in, he is the responsible workman who loosens the coal from its bed.

13. The *putter* drags the coal from the working to the passages, where horses can be employed in the work. The *crane-man* manages the crane by which the great baskets of coal are transferred to the waggons. The *viewer* is the officer who is responsible for the work; and so on ; for, as the reader has here the means of

observing, the colliers are not merely blackened-faced diggers and shovellers, who attack the coal wherever they meet with it, and roam about in a dark pit to seek their coaly fortunes. All is pre-arranged and systematic ; every one knows exactly whither he is to go, and what he is to do.

PROFESSOR T. ANSTED.

1. *Strata.* Beds ; layers (singular, *stratum*).
3. *Intervene.* Come between.
-
- Aggregate.* Total.
4. *Vestige.* Trace.
5. *Accommodates itself.* Gets accustomed to.
7. *Shaft.* The pit or entrance to the mine.
8. *Isolate.* Cut off.
9. *Apertures.* Openings.
10. *Vitiated.* Impure.
Contaminated passages. Passages in which the danger of explosion or fire is very great.
12. *Davy.* So called because invented by Sir Humphry Davy.
-
- Superseded.* Taken its place.
11. *Meshes.* Openings or spaces between the threads of wires.
Inflammable. Easily lighted.
13. *Systematic.* Done according to a regular plan.

15.—Rain in Summer

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

5

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !

How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !

Across the window pane

10

It pours and pours ;

And swift and wide,

With a muddy tide,

Like a river down the gutter roars

The rain, the welcome rain !

15

The sick man from his chamber looks

At the twisted brooks ;

He can feel the cool

Breath of each little pool ;

His fevered brain

20

Grows calm again,

And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school

Come the boys,

With more than their wonted noise

25

And commotion ;

And down the wet streets

Sail their mimic fleets,

Till the treacherous pool

Engulfs them in its whirling

30

And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,

Where far and wide,

Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide

Stretches the plain,

35

To the dry grass and the drier grain

How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land

The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;

Lifting the yoke-encumbered head, 40
 With their dilated nostrils spread,
 They silently inhale
 The clover-scented gale,
 And the vapours that arise
 From the well-watered and smoking soil. 45
 For this rest in the furrow after toil
 Their large and lustrous eyes
 Seem to thank the Lord,
 More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, 50
 From under the sheltering trees,
 The farmer sees
 His pastures and his fields of grain,
 As they bend their tops
 To the numberless beating drops 55
 Of the incessant rain.
 He counts it as no sin
 That he sees therein
 Only his own thrift and gain.

LONGFELLOW.

3. *Fiery street.* Made very hot by the heat of the sun.
25. *Wonted.* Accustomed.
26. *Commotion.* Disturbance ; tumult.
28. *Mimic fleets.* Paper boats sailing in the gutters.
29. *Treacherous pool.* The drain.
30. *Engulfs.* Swallows them up.
38. *Furrowed land.* Land turned up by the plough.
41. *Dilated.* Spread out widely.
47. *Lustrous.* Bright ; shining.

16.—A Noble Englishwoman (1)

1. In the heart of the “Black Country”—a district in which the roughest labour of miners and factory-hands goes on, and where the manners of the inhabitants are least civilised—there is a town called Walsall. A dirty, smoky town it is. Few would care to take up their abode in such a place, except as a matter of necessity. In the centre of this grimy town stands the white marble statue of a woman. How strange the angel-like figure appears, seen shining through fog and smoke and rain, or sometimes enveloped by myriads of flakes of snow, as if she were a fairy who had called down the showers of white particles to make this terrible “Black Country” a pure white country! This marble figure is a statue of Miss Dora Pattison, sister of a well-known English man of letters called Mark Pattison.

2. Miss Pattison was the daughter of a clergyman, and in her early days her sympathies were drawn out to the suffering poor of her father’s parish. She and her sisters were accustomed to carry round to the homes of the indigent little cans of soup, and solid food, and the villagers of the whole neighbourhood looked at her with eyes of love.

3. Once a schoolboy to whom she had been kind fell very sick, while Miss Pattison happened to be abroad; he prayed that he might not die till she returned to bless him. On the day on which she was expected back, he sat up in bed, intently listening for the wheels of her carriage; and long ere any one else could detect the rumbling noise, the poor boy cried,



"SISTER DORA."

"There she is ! there's Miss Dora !" And sure enough it was she, come back to nurse him through the few remaining hours of his life.

4. Miss Pattison was very fond of the country. Riding was a passion with her. She was beautiful, too, and gentlemen sought her hand in marriage. Is it not strange that a lovely, country-bred girl of gentle family should have chosen to bury herself in one of the dirtiest towns in the world, and among the roughest people ? She deliberately chose duty as her chief pleasure in life.

5. Qualifying herself to act as a hospital nurse, she went to Walsall in 1865 to take charge of the Cottage Hospital there. This hospital had always been under the charge of a religious Sisterhood. Miss Pattison was one of the Sisterhood, and thus she came to be called "Sister Dora."

6. One evening Sister Dora was on her way through the gaslit streets to attend a patient, when a boy wantonly threw a stone at her, and cut open her forehead. She went on without making any cry or remonstrance.

Not long afterwards there was a colliery accident in the neighbourhood, and among the sufferers brought to the hospital, was a boy whom the nurse instantly recognised. "Aha !" said Sister Dora to herself softly, "this is the boy who threw the stone at me !"

7. The good nurse therefore took particular care to treat this patient tenderly, and very thankful she felt when he began to be convalescent. This was "returning good for evil," and the boy felt touched and ashamed.

One evening he was found quietly sobbing on his

pillow. "Sister Dora," he said, looking at the mark of the cut on the nurse's forehead, "I threw that stone."—"Why," was the reply, "did you think I did not know that?"—"You knew that," said the boy, "and yet you have nursed me like this?" Needless to say, the boy became thenceforth a kind of worshipper of Sister Dora.

1. *Civilised.* Refined.
Enveloped. Surrounded.
Man of letters. Man of learning ; an author.
2. *Her sympathies were drawn out.* Her pity was excited or aroused.
Indigent. Poor people.
4. *Was a passion with.* Was very much liked by.
Deliberately. After careful thought.
6. *Wantonly.* Knowingly ; not by accident.
7. *Convalescent.* Recovering health and strength after sickness.

17.—A Noble Englishwoman (2)

1. Sister Dora managed to keep up her spirits and the spirits of all her patients in a most uncommon degree. "Make you laugh?" said an Irishman in one ward ; "she would make you laugh when you were dying!" But the secret of Miss Pattison's sweet temper and happiness was religion ; she was constantly snatching half-hours from her arduous labours for secret prayer.

2. Once Walsall became the scene of a small-pox epidemic ; then Sister Dora's powers were taxed to the uttermost. In her own hospital, and all through the plague-stricken town, her vigorous presence was a

blessing. Once she was called on to attend the death-bed of a man who had been attacked by one of the worst forms of disease. All his friends had deserted him. The last piece of candle in the house was flickering to its end when Sister Dora arrived.

3. The dying man looked up and recognised her, and in the delirium of death he hoarsely whispered, "Kiss me before I die, good Sister Dora." The man's face was covered with the horrible signs of small-pox ; but pity was so strong in this pure woman's heart that she stooped down to kiss her dying fellow-creature, and breathe a parting blessing upon him. As she did so, the candle went out, and she waited on in darkness till she heard the patient's last sigh.

How many scenes of pain and terror she must have irradiated with her angelic presence !

4. This has been recorded of Sister Dora : "She spoke unreservedly to her household of the necessity of constant private prayer, and expressed openly her own strong conviction that no blessing could attend the hospital unless those who worked in it fulfilled their duty in this respect.

"It was literally true that she never touched a wound without lifting up her heart to the Giver of all strength and asking that healing might be conveyed by her means ; she never set a fracture without a prayer that, through His instrumentality, the limb might re-unite."

5. This prayerful nurse was as clever as devout. Once, for instance, a young man was carried into the hospital whose arm had been mangled in a machinery accident. The doctor said the arm must be amputated. Sister Dora pleaded with the doctor, and said she

thought by careful treatment she could save the arm. The doctor at last yielded to her entreaties, and the result was that she did save the arm to the young man. It was his right arm, his bread-winning arm !

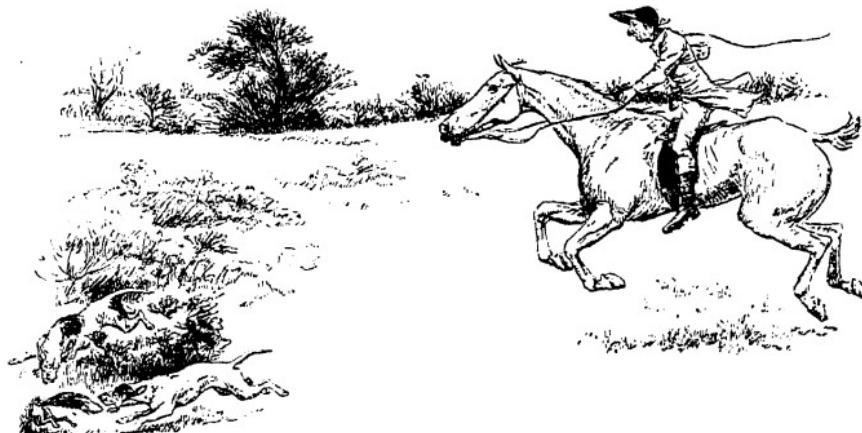
For long after, he used to walk eleven miles every Sunday to pull her bell and ask her servant how Sister Dora was. "Tell her," he would say to the servant, "it was her arm that pulled the bell."

6. Such are a few particulars from the life of a beneficent Englishwoman who died in 1878 of the most terrible of all diseases, cancer. To her last day she was busy in trying to comfort others. Is it not an encouraging thing to know that saintly characters like this have not been confined to early ages, but have breathed the same air with us, and have triumphed in the very struggles through which we have to pass in these modern days ?

7. In the roughest human forms, beat hearts that respond to goodness. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." The labouring classes of Walsall still talk tenderly of their Sister Dora, and they have subscribed to place in the middle of their town the statue mentioned at the beginning of this sketch.

1. *Arduous.* Very trying ; difficult.
2. *Epidemic.* An infectious disease which attacks many people at the same time.
3. *Delirium of death.* Want of control over the mind which preceded death.
4. *Irradiated.* Brightened.
4. *Literally.* Really.
Set a fracture. Bound up a broken limb.
5. *Amputated.* Cut off.
6. *Beneficent.* Kind.

Through His instrumentality. Through His work.



"YOU SHALL SEE A FOX DIE."—P. 72.

18.—Ode to the North-East Wind

Welcome, wild North-easter !

Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter !

O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,

Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day :

Jovial wind of winter

Turns us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds ;

Crisp the lazy dyke ;

5

10

15

- Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike. 20
- Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
- Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
- Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent, 30
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
- Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you ? 35
Let the horses go !
- Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past. 40
- Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
- Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs, 45
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
- What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard gray weather 50

Breeds hard English men.
 What's the soft South-wester?
 'Tis the ladies' breeze,
 Bringing home their true-loves 55
 Out of all the seas:
 But the black North-easter,
 Through the snowstorm hurled,
 Drives our English hearts of oak
 Seaward round the world. 60
 Come, as came our fathers,



“CHIME, YE DAPPLED DARLINGS.”—P. 72.

Heralded by thee,
 Conquering from the eastward,
 Lords by land and sea.
 Come; and strong within us 65
 Stir the Vikings' blood;
 Bracing brain and sinew;
 Blow, thou wind of God!

KINGSLEY.

3. *Zephyr*. Breeze, or wind.
 10. *Gaudy*. Showy; ostentatious.
 18. *Crisp*. Freeze over.

- Lazy dyke.* So called because the water in the dykes, or great ditches that drain the fen-land, moves very sluggishly.
24. *Curlew pipe.* The curlew utters a peculiar melancholy cry, somewhat resembling a whistle.
28. *Curdled sky.* The clouds of a snowstorm give to the sky an appearance like curdled milk.
30. *The scent of the fox.*
31. *Holt.* A wood or grove.
32. *Bent.* Coarse grass.
33. *Dappled darlings.* The fox-hounds.
61. *Our fathers.* Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who conquered Britain in the fifth century, and whose vessels were brought across the German Ocean by the north-east wind.
66. *Vikings.* The Scandinavian pirates, who dwelt in the *Viks* or creeks of the shores of Northern Europe. See p. 139.

19.—A Tiger Hunt (1)

1. "Take care!" shouted Selwyn, "she's badly hit, and has rolled into those thick bushes. Don't go too near, but come up here until the beaters arrive; we must have the elephants to drive her out." Nine accidents out of ten occur when animals have been wounded. It is impossible to be too careful in approaching a wounded beast; the tiger, lion, leopard, bear, or buffalo, that would have retreated when fresh, will assuredly attack if followed up when wounded.

2. Selwyn as an experienced sportsman was perfectly right in his advice, as the jungle into which the wounded tigress had retreated was so dense as to be practically impenetrable. Everard, on the other hand, who was flushed with his easy triumph, disdained the security of the machán, and remained

"THE WOUNDED TIGRESS HAD RETREATED."



the reality of the terrible event been impressed upon the bystanders, when Everard, without a moment's hesitation, rushed to the spot, and throwing himself upon all fours, crept into the thorny jungle upon the track where the tigress had disappeared with her victim. With his rifle cocked and ready, he lay flat beneath the bushes, and crept forward with caution but cool determination.

7. He was not aware that the courageous shikari, armed only with his short spear, had followed close behind him, and was creeping upon his hands and knees, literally at his heels. A smothered cry from the native, mingled with the growls of the tigress, hurried the advance of Everard, who in a few seconds had crept within view of the disastrous scene.

8. Lying down upon his belly, he distinctly saw the tigress holding the man by the back of his neck as she crouched upon the ground by his side; she was about four or five yards distant, and appeared to have given her whole attention to the destruction of her victim.

1. *Beaters.* Men employed by sportsmen to go through the ground where game is, and beat the bushes to dislodge the birds and animals.
2. *Jungle.* An Hindustanee word meaning *forest*.
Machán. A platform built in a tree.
Ominous silence. A quietness foreboding evil.
4. *Shikaris.* Huntsmen.
5. *Impervious thicket.* Trees and shrubs growing so close together that they cannot be passed through.
6. *Agonising moment.* A time of the greatest anxiety.
Upon all fours. On hands and knees, so that he appeared like an animal with four legs.

20.—A Tiger Hunt (2)

1. Everard was in a distressing position. If he knelt, he could not see the tigress through the dense thicket sufficiently well to ensure a fatal shot ; if he remained prostrate, there would be a difficulty in taking aim, as the body of the man was dangerously exposed to his bullet.

2. There was little time for consideration : the tigress suddenly discovered the approach of her new enemies, and without relaxing her grip of the neck, she changed her position and faced the coming attack ; at that instant, with a cool and steady aim, Everard fired, hoping to reach the heart by striking her a little to the left in a line with her chin, as she crouched upon the ground. His bullet must have passed within an inch of the native's head, as the tigress pinned his neck firmly to the ground.

3. At the report of the rifle, in the cloud of smoke (which, being close to the earth in the thick jungle, completely obscured the view), the tigress had bounded forward ; Everard felt a heavy weight upon his legs, only for one moment, as he rolled quickly upon his side beneath the bushes, and then immediately sprang upon his feet ! For an instant he turned round, being ready with his remaining barrel to meet the unknown danger, when, through the clearing smoke, he saw the body of the tigress at his feet, with the spear of the shikari buried at least three feet deep in her breast. The shikari was still holding the shaft of his weapon, as he knelt upon the ground.

4. The tigress was quite dead. Everard's bullet

had passed through her heart, but her convulsive spring had carried her beyond his body as he lay close to the earth, and she had been fatally received upon the projected spear of the trusty shikari, who had brought his weapon into readiness on the same instant that he had observed Everard prepared to fire. She had completely impaled herself, and the spear had passed through heart and lungs.

5. The first impulse was to rescue the unfortunate native, whose body was now dragged from the thick bushes. Life was quite extinct ; the bone of the neck had been dislocated by the wrench of the tigress's powerful jaws ; deep gashes inflicted by the claws had cut the side of the head and face to the bone, and a pool of blood was discovered where the tigress had first dragged the body.

6. This disaster threw a gloom over an otherwise successful day. "Bravo, Everard ; I never saw a more plucky thing in the whole of my experience !" exclaimed Major Selwyn, who had descended from his machán with the best intentions, but too late to render assistance, as the affair had been of only a few moments' duration.

7. "It was the beater's own fault, poor fellow ; I told you that we ought to wait for the elephants, and never attempt to disturb a wounded tiger in thick jungle. This will be a lesson you will never forget. You did splendidly, my dear Everard, and you were most pluckily backed up by that fine fellow the shikari ; but never run such a risk again !"

8. A number of beaters now dragged the body of the tigress into an open space. The elephants arrived, and the tigress was hoisted upon the back with con-



ELEPHANT CHARGING A DYING TIGER.

L. V.

G

siderable difficulty, the howdah being removed from the kneeling animal to enable it to pack securely upon the pad. A party of men had been despatched to the nearest village to procure a bedstead, upon which the corpse of the native could be conveyed to camp.

9. In the course of half an hour the triumphant but funereal procession started, two elephants transporting the dead tigers, and a number of natives carrying the body of the mangled beater.

10. The arrival at camp was sufficiently painful. The wife and children of the dead native had rushed down to meet the body, and were loud in their lamentations. The widow threw herself at the feet of Major Selwyn as the senior of the party, and covered herself with dust in token of despair.

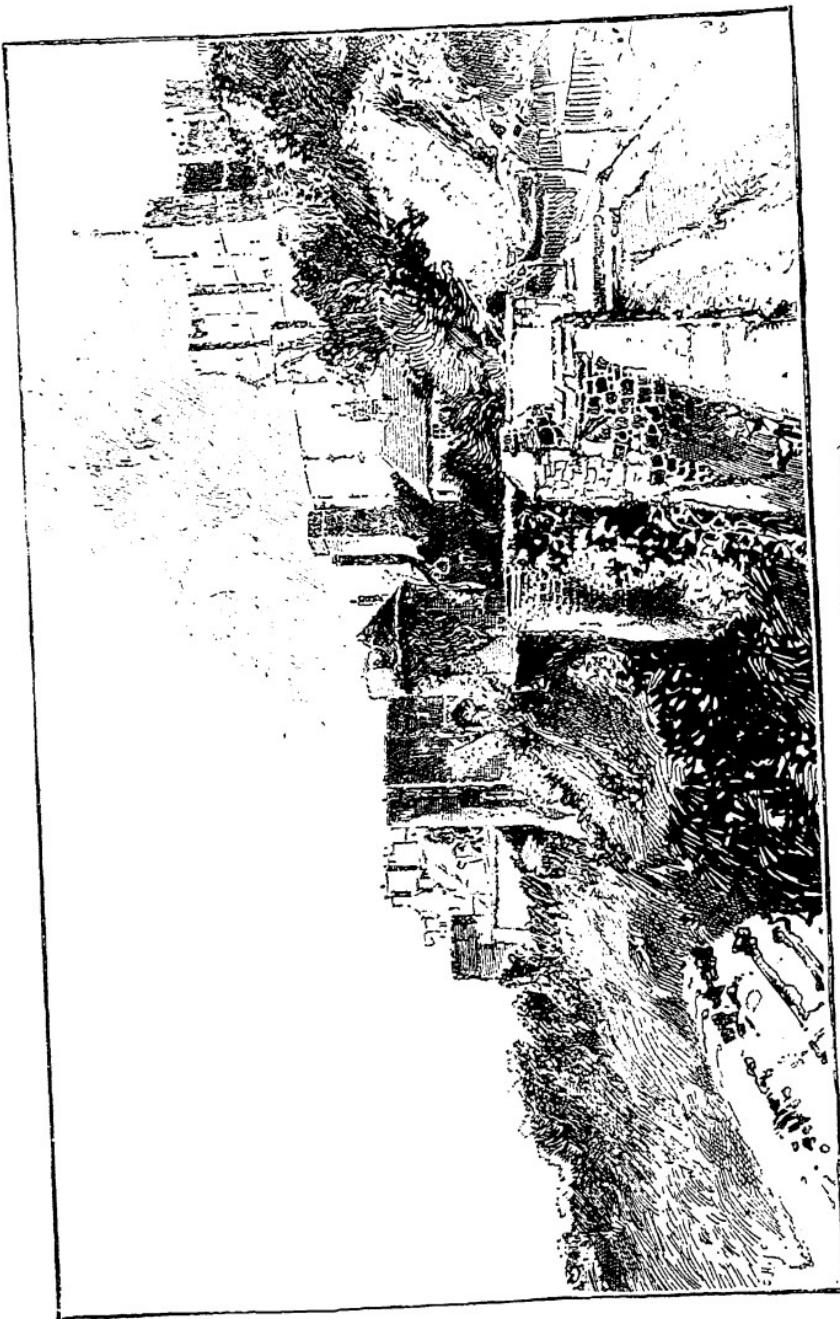
SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

1. *Prostrate.* Flat on the ground.
2. *Pinned.* Held down.
3. *Obscured the view.* Prevented anything being seen.
4. *Convulsive spring.* Leap taken in the agony of death.
Impaled herself. To impale is to put to death by thrusting a sharpened stake through the body.
5. *Dislocated.* Put out of joint.
8. *Howdah.* A seat fixed on the back of an elephant for persons to ride in.
10. *Lamentations.* Grief expressed aloud.

21.—The Warden of the Cinque Ports

1. A mist was driving down the British Channel,
 The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

2. It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
 And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
 Hailed it with feverish lips.
3. Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,
 Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
 When the fog cleared away.
4. Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
 Their cannon through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
 The sea-coast opposite.
5. And now they roared at drum-beat from their
 stations
 On every citadel ;
Each answering each with morning salutations
 That all was well.
6. And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
 Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
 And Lord of the Cinque Ports.
7. Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
 No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure
 Awaken with their call !
8. No more surveying with an eye impartial
 The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal
 Be seen upon his post !



"THE FROWNING RAMPART" (DOVER CASTLE).

9. For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart-wall had scaled.

10. He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room ;
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The silence and the gloom.

11. He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

12. Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead !

LONGFELLOW.

The Cinque Ports. A group of five towns in Sussex and Kent, which possessed special privileges of jurisdiction in return for special duties in guarding the coast.

4. *Couchant.* Lying in repose.
 6. *Burden.* A constantly repeated sound, as, for example, the chorus of a song ; here, the booming of the cannon along the coast.
- The Warden.* The famous Duke of Wellington, who held this post during the last few years of his life.
7. *The fields of azure.* The blue heavens.
 - Embrasure.* A gap specially made in a wall for a cannon to be placed there.
 11. *Parley.* Speak ; argue.
 - Hoar.* Old ; venerable.

22.—Caught at last! (1)

1. But now came on the may-fly season ; the soft hazy summer weather lay sleepily along the rich meadows by Avon side, and the green and gray flies flickered with their graceful lazy up and down flight over the reeds and the water and the meadows, in myriads upon myriads. Every little pitiful coarse fish in the Avon was on the alert for the flies, and gorging his wretched carcase with hundreds daily, the glutinous rogues ! and every lover of the gentle craft was out to avenge the poor may-flies.

2. So one fine Thursday afternoon, Tom having borrowed East's new rod, started by himself to the river. He fished for some time with small success, not a fish would rise at him ; but, as he prowled along the bank, he was presently aware of mighty ones feeding in a pool on the opposite side, under the shade of a huge willow-tree. The stream was deep here, but some fifty yards below was a shallow, for which he made off hot-foot ; and forgetting landlords, keepers, solemn prohibitions of the Doctor, and everything else, pulled up his trousers, plunged across, and in three minutes was creeping along on all fours towards the clump of willows.

3. It isn't often that great chub, or any other coarse fish, are in earnest about anything, but just then they were thoroughly bent on feeding, and in half-an-hour Master Tom had deposited three thumping fellows at the foot of the giant willow. As he was baiting for a fourth pounder, and just going to throw in again, he became aware of a man coming up

the bank not one hundred yards off. Another look told him that it was the under-keeper. Could he reach the shallow before him? No, not carrying his rod. Nothing for it but the tree: so Tom laid his bones to it, shinning up as fast as he could, and dragging up his rod after him.

4. He had just time to reach and crouch along upon a huge branch some ten feet up, which stretched out over the river, when the keeper arrived at the clump.

Tom's heart beat fast as he came under the tree; two steps more and he would have passed, when, as ill-luck would have it, the gleam on the scales of the dead fish caught his eye, and he made a dead point at the foot of the tree. He picked up the fish one by one; his eye and touch told him that they had been alive and feeding within the hour.

5. Tom crouched lower along the branch, and heard the keeper beating the clump. "If I could only get the rod hidden," thought he, and began gently shifting it to get it alongside him; "willow-trees don't throw out straight hickory shoots twelve feet long, with no leaves, worse luck." Alas! the keeper catches the rustle, and then a sight of the rod, and then of Tom's hand and arm.

6. "Oh, be up ther', be 'ee?" says he, running under the tree. "Now you come down this minute."

"Tree'd at last," thinks Tom, making no answer, and keeping as close as possible, but working away at the rod, which he takes to pieces: "I'm in for it, unless I can starve him out."

And then he begins to meditate getting along the branch for a plunge and scramble to the other side;



"COME DOWN AT ONCE."

but the small branches are so thick, and the opposite bank so difficult, that the keeper will have lots of time to get round by the ford before he can get out, so he gives that up.

7. And now he hears the keeper beginning to scramble up the trunk. That will never do ; so he scrambles himself back to where his branch joins the trunk, and stands with lifted rod.

1. *May-fly.* A fly which first appears in the month of May.
Avon. The Stratford Avon.
Myriads. Countless numbers.
On the alert. On the watch.
Gentle craft. Fishing.
2. *Solemn prohibitions.* Strict orders not to do something.
Doctor. Dr. Arnold, Headmaster of Rugby.
3. *Deposited.* Placed.
Pounder. A fish weighing a pound.
5. *Hickory.* An American tree whose wood possesses great strength and tenacity.
6. *Meditate.* Think over.

23.—Caught at last! (2)

1. “Hullo, Velveteens, mind your fingers if you come any higher.”

The keeper stops and looks up, and then with a grin says, “Oh ! be you, be it, young measter ? Well, here’s luck. Now I tells ’ee to come down at once, and ’t’ll be best for ’ee.”

“Thank ’ee, Velveteens, I’m very comfortable,” said Tom, shortening the rod in his hand, and preparing for battle.

“Werry well, please yourself,” says the keeper,

descending however to the ground again, and taking his seat on the bank ; "I bean't in no hurry, so you med take your time. I'll larn 'ee to gee honest folk names afore I've done with 'ee."

2. "My luck as usual," thinks Tom ; "what a fool I was to give him a black. If I'd called him 'keeper' now, I might get off. The return match is all his way."

The keeper quietly proceeded to take out his pipe, fill, and light it, keeping an eye on Tom, who now sat disconsolately across the branch, looking at keeper —a pitiful sight for men and fishes. The more he thought of it, the less he liked it.

3. "It must be getting near second calling-over," thinks he. Keeper smokes on stolidly. "If he takes me up, I shall be flogged safe enough. I can't sit here all night. Wonder if he'll rise at silver."

"I say, keeper," said he, meekly, "let me go for two bob ?"

"Not for twenty neither," grunts his persecutor.

And so they sat on till long past second calling-over ; and the sun came slanting in through the willow-branches, and telling of locking-up near at hand.

4. "I'm coming down, keeper," said Tom at last with a sigh, fairly tired out. "Now what are you going to do ?"

"Walk 'ee up to School, and give 'ee over to the Doctor ; them's my orders," says Velveteens, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, and standing up and shaking himself.

"Very good," said Tom ; "but hands off, you know. I'll go with you quietly, so no collaring or that sort of thing."

5. Keeper looked at him a minute. "Werry good," said he at last; and so Tom descended, and wended his way drearily by the side of the keeper up to the School-house, where they arrived just at locking-up.

As they passed the School-gates, the Tadpole and several others who were standing there caught the state of things, and rushed out, crying, "Rescue!" but Tom shook his head, so they only followed to the Doctor's gate, and went back sorely puzzled.

6. How changed and stern the Doctor seemed from the last time that Tom was up there, as the keeper told the story, not omitting to state how Tom had called him blackguard names.

"Indeed, sir," broke in the culprit, "it was only Velveteens." The Doctor only asked one question.

"You know the rule about the banks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wait for me to-morrow, after first lesson."

"I thought so," muttered Tom.

7. "And about the rod, sir?" went on the keeper; "Master's told we as we might have all the rods——"

"Oh, please, sir," broke in Tom, "the rod isn't mine."

The Doctor looked puzzled, but the keeper, who was a good-hearted fellow, and melted at Tom's evident distress, gave up his claim.

Tom was flogged next morning, and a few days afterwards met Velveteens, and presented him with half-a-crown for giving up the rod claim, and they became sworn friends; and I regret to say that Tom had many more fish from under the willow that mayfly season, and was never caught again by Velveteens.

From *Tom Brown's School Days*, by T. HUGHES.

1. *Velveteens.* A nickname for the keeper because of the velvet coat he wore.
- Here's luck.* Tom on a previous occasion had chaffed the keeper, and the latter had had no opportunity of punishing him for it.
2. *Disconsolately.* In low spirits.
3. *Calling-over.* The calling of the names to see that every boy is present.
4. *Stolidly.* Coolly and leisurely.
5. *Rescue.* Let us set him free.
6. *Culprit.* The person in fault.

24.—Christmas Day

How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day ?
 A northern Christmas, such as painters love,
 And kinsfolk, shaking hands but once a year,
 And dames who tell old legends by the fire ?
 Red sun, blue sky, white snow, and pearled ice, 5
 Keen ringing air, which sets the blood on fire,
 And makes the old man merry with the young,
 Through the short sunshine, through the longer night ?

Or southern Christmas, dark and dank with
 mist,
 And heavy with the scent of steaming leaves, 10
 And rosebuds mouldering on the dripping porch ;
 One twilight, without rise or set of sun,
 Till beetles drone along the hollow lane,
 And round the leafless hawthorns, flitting bats
 Hawk the pale moths of winter ? Welcome then 15
 At best, the flying gleam, the flying shower,
 The rain-pools glittering on the long white roads,



"KINSMEN, SHAKING HANDS BUT ONCE A YEAR."

And shadows sweeping on from down to down
 Before the salt Atlantic gale : yet come
 In whatsoever garb, or gay, or sad,
 Come fair, come foul, 'twill still be Christmas Day.

20

How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day ?
 To sailors lounging on the lonely deck
 Beneath the rushing trade-wind ? Or to him,
 Who by some noisome harbour of the East, 25
 Watches swart arms roll down the precious bales,
 Spoils of the tropic forests ; year by year
 Amid the din of heathen voices, groaning
 Himself half heathen ? How to those—brave hearts !
 Who toil with laden loins and sinking stride 30
 Beside the bitter wells of treeless sands
 Toward the peaks which flood the ancient Nile,
 To free a tyrant's captives ? How to those—
 New patriarchs of the new-found underworld—
 Who stand, like Jacob, on the virgin lawns, 35
 And count their flocks' increase ? To them that day
 Shall dawn in glory, and solstitial blaze
 Of full midsummer sun : to them that morn,
 Gay flowers beneath their feet, gay birds aloft,
 Shall tell of nought but summer ; but to them, 40
 Ere yet, unwarned by carol or by chime,
 They spring into the saddle, thrills may come
 From that great heart of Christendom which beats
 Round all the worlds ; and gracious thoughts of youth ;
 Of steadfast folk, who worship God at home ; 45
 Of wise words, learnt beside their mother's knee ;
 Of innocent faces upturned once again
 In awe and joy to listen to the tale
 Of God made man, and in a manger laid—

25

30

35

40

45

May soften, purify, and raise the soul
 From selfish cares, and growing lust of gain,
 And phantoms of this dream which some call life,
 Toward the eternal facts ; for here or there,
 Summer or winter, 'twill be Christmas Day.

KINGSLEY.

9. *Dank.* Damp.
15. *Hawk.* Hunt ; pursue like a hawk.
25. *Noisome.* Unhealthy ; evil smelling.
26. *Swart arms.* Black, swarthy arms ; the arms of negro or Indian porters.
29. *Those brave hearts.* Soldiers engaged in putting down the African slave-trade.
34. *The new-found underworld.* Australia.
37. *Solstitial blaze.* The solstice is the point where the sun ceases to recede from the equator.

25.—A Long Journey *to ?*

1. Let us imagine ourselves out of doors, gazing wonderingly at the sun, as so many millions of people have done before us. The sun is so powerful that unless the day be cloudy, we should not look straight up into its face, or we may be blinded. We must look through a piece of smoked glass.

2. How near the sun looks. He is only just across the way. Don't you think you could soon mount up to him in a balloon ? How far away do you suppose he is ? Shall we look in the railway guide ? I am afraid the railway guide would not tell us. We should have to ask some very clever man who had thought a great deal about the subject. Perhaps he could tell us. Then we might say to him, How do

you know? How did you find out? Have you been there?

3. The right man to ask would be an astronomer. We must find an astronomer who likes little folks. We will ask Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer-Royal—perhaps we might coax him to tell us, for we are very anxious to know. He says, "It has been found that the sun is about ninety-three millions of miles from the earth; but sometimes it is a little farther and sometimes it is a little nearer.

4. "Let us first try to count 93,000,000. The easiest way will be to get the clock to do this for us; and here is a sum that I would suggest for you to work out. How long will the clock have to tick before it has made as many ticks as there are miles between the earth and the sun?

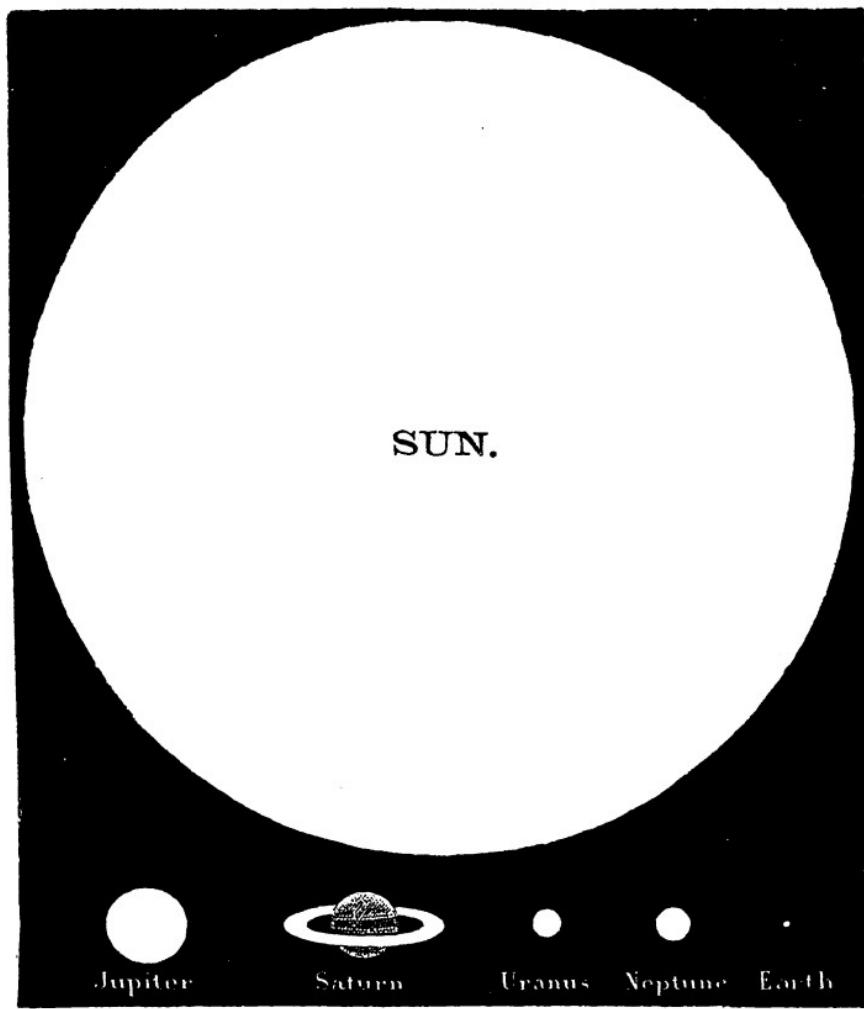
"Every minute the clock makes 60 ticks, and in 24 hours the total number will reach 86,400. By dividing this into 93,000,000, you will find that over 1076 days, or nearly three years, will be required for the clock to perform the task."

5. Did you ever travel in an express train? A mile in a minute is very fast for an express train; but imagine the same train never stopping an instant for years. To have reached the sun to-day, you would have had to start 171 years ago.

6. If your mother has ever told you anything about her father, I daresay you will remember that she called him your grandfather; his father would be called your great-grandfather, and his father again would be your great-great-grandfather.

We have imagined that you started when your great-great-grandfather was a boy, and took your seat

in this wonderful train, and reached the sun *to-day*.



RELATIVE SIZE OF THE SUN TO THE EARTH AND PLANETS.

7. Think of it! A train going at ordinary speed without once stopping would take nearly 350 years to reach the sun. It would take the same train nine

years to go round the sun, though it would need only a little more than a month to go round our earth.

8. Let us look again at the sun. There he is, just on the line where the earth seems to meet the sky. Let us look all round us at this line where sky and earth seem to touch.

Imagine for a moment that we had not only one sun, but many, side by side ranged round this line. How many suns the size of ours would fill up the circle?

It would take 700 !

9. The sun is "up," as we call it, for more than eight minutes before we see him, and these rays shining upon us now, took eight and a half minutes to travel here from the sun !

What a journey ! Ninety-three millions of miles !

Is it not fortunate that the sun-beams can come to us, since it is impossible for us to think of visiting the sun ?

10. I daresay some of you will have seen a large balloon sent up, or if not, you boys, all of you, have kites, and you will bear me out in saying that, however large you make your kites, they seem to grow smaller and smaller as they go up, until when they are at no very great height (which you easily can tell by the length of string given out) they become mere tiny specks, and then even the speck vanishes ; and yet you know your kite is still soaring aloft, for you are holding it by the string.

11. From this I want you to reason out with regard to the sun—what an immense, enormous, unthinkable size must the sun be to be *visible at all* ninety-three millions of miles away !

AMY JOHNSON, L.L.A.

3. *Astronomer.* One who studies the heavenly bodies.

Sir Robert Ball was appointed Astronomer-Royal of Ireland in 1874. His lectures on astronomy to young children have proved most attractive.

Sometimes it is a little farther, etc. The sun is 3,000,000 miles nearer the earth on 1st January than on 1st July.

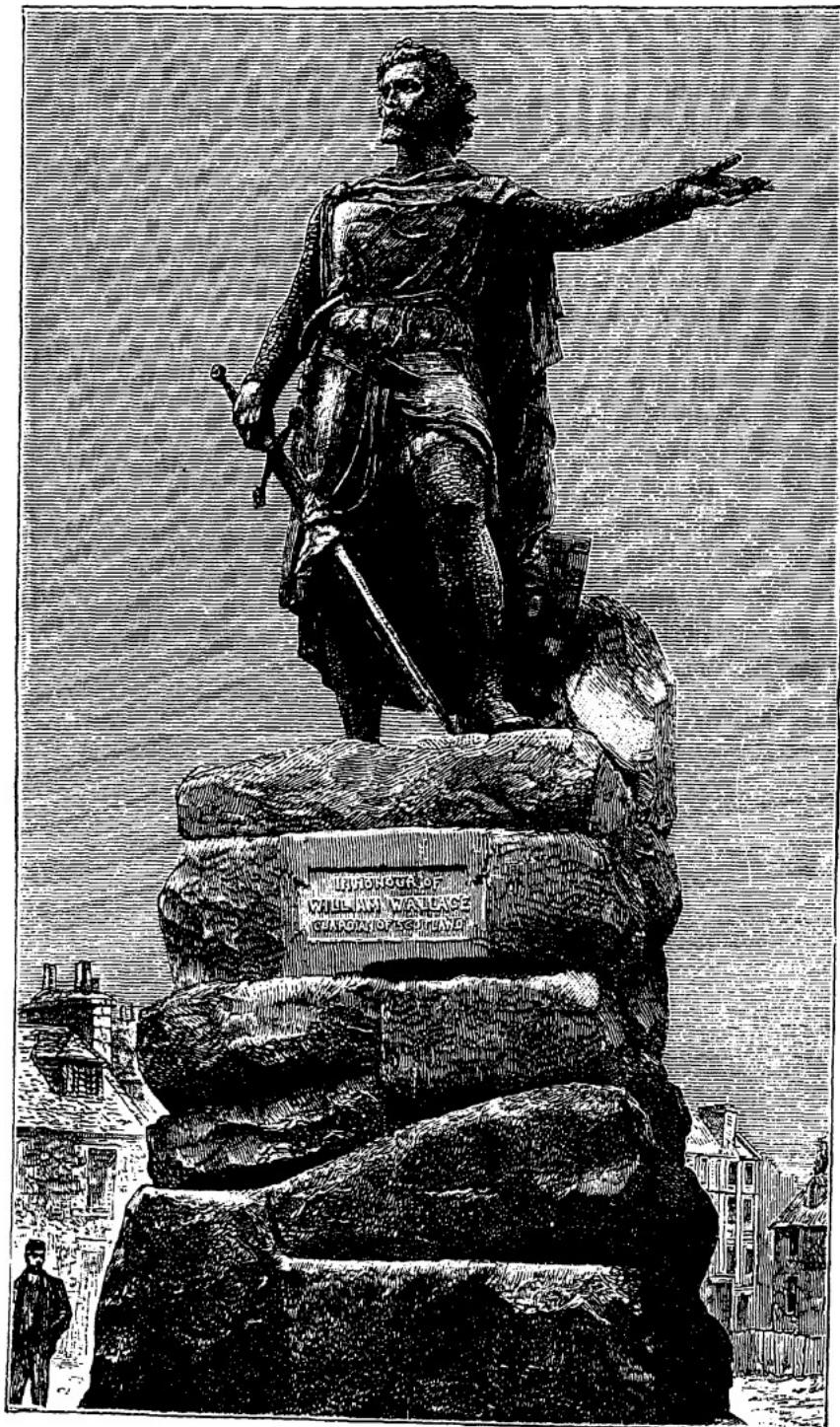
26.—A Scottish Champion

1. During the brief career of the celebrated patriot, Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

2. The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay.

Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies.

3. It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but, by practice,



WILLIAM WALLACE.

one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves.

The master added that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded ; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

4. Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to Longueville because he usually displayed the blood-red flag which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

5. Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seaton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight.

He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel ; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer as that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst.

Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that

nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance.

6. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling-irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured.

7. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure, when they were only opposed as one to two or three.

Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them, with such fury that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs.

8. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him in such peril that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled.

9. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms; but the Frenchman fell undermost, and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, and nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs.

His men threw down their weapons, and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely

handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel and detained them prisoners.

10. When he came in sight of the French harbour, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colours, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backwards, horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed.

The Scottish Lion, on the shield of gold, was raised above the piratical flag, and announced that the champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch.

11. He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the king even conferred the honour of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service.

12. But the Rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none save of his heroic conqueror.

SCOTT.

1. *Patriot.* One who loves his country and does his utmost to further its interests.

Sir William Wallace. Defended Scotland against Edward I.; executed 1305.

Prowess. Bravery.

Auxiliary forces. Soldiers engaged help a regular army.

2. *Dieppe.* A seaport in the north of France.

Apprehension. Fear.

- Bearing down.* Sailing towards them.
Rover. A pirate.
 3. *Norse sea-kings.* Norsemen or Northmen who came from Denmark, Norway and Sweden.
 5. *Breath of life.* As necessary to life as air is.
Intimate. Suggest.
 6. *Ran on board.* Sailed close up to, so as to touch.
Grappling-irons. Irons, called grapnels, like small anchors with four or five claws.
 8. *Mortals.* Human beings.
 9. *Gorget.* A piece of armour for the throat.
 10. *The bells were rung backwards.* Bells of varied notes were rung in a certain order (so as to make a tune) in times of rejoicing. In times of disaster the tune was reversed.
The Scottish Lion. The emblem painted or woven on every Scottish flag.
Falcon. A hawk trained for hunting.
 12. *Contracted.* Formed.

27.—A Dutch Picture

1. Simon Danz has come home again,
 From cruising about with his buccaneers ;
 He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
 And carried away the Dean of Jaen,
 And sold him in Algiers.
2. In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
 And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
 There are silver tankards of antique styles,
 Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
 Of carpets rich and rare.
3. In his tulip-garden there by the town,
 Overlooking the sluggish stream,



"IN HIS HOUSE BY THE MAESE."

With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
 The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
 Walks in a waking dream.

4. A smile in his gray mustachio lurks

Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain ;
 And the listed tulips look like Turks,
 And the silent gardener as he works
 Is turned to the Dean of Jaen.

5. The windmills on the outermost

Verge of the landscape in the haze
 To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
 With whiskered sentinels at their post,
 Although this is the river Maese.

6. But when the winter rains begin

He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
 And old seafaring men come in,
 Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
 And rings upon their hands.

7. And they talk of ventures lost or won,

And their talk is ever and ever the same ;
 While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
 From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
 Or convent set on flame.

8. Restless at times, with heavy strides,

He paces his parlour to and fro ;
 He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
 And swings with the rising and falling tides,
 And tugs at her anchor-tow.

9. Voices mysterious far and near,
 Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
 Are calling and whispering in his ear,
 “Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou here ?
 Come forth and follow me !”
10. So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
 For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
 To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
 And capture another Dean of Jaen
 And sell him in Algiers.

LONGFELLOW.

1. *Buccaneers.* Men differing very little from pirates, except that they sailed under the flag of their country.
Singed the beard of the King of Spain. A phrase used by Drake when he destroyed 10,000 tons of shipping in the harbour of Cadiz.
Jaen. A city of Spain, picturesquely situated on a tributary of the Guadalquivir, 50 miles from Granada.
2. *Maese.* A river of Holland.
4. *Listed.* Bound with pieces of list to prevent over-blowing.
7. *Tarragon.* A province of Spain.

28.—A True Fairy Tale (1)

1. And now I will tell you a fairy tale. I call it a fairy tale, because it is so strange.

Well, once upon a time, so long ago that no man can tell when, the land was so much higher, that between England and Ireland, and, what is more, between England and Norway, was firm dry land. The country then must have looked—at least we know it looked so in Norfolk—very like what our moors look like here.

2. There were forests of Scotch fir, and of spruce too, which is not wild in England now, though you may see plenty in every plantation. There were oaks and alders, yews and sloes, just as there are in our woods now. There was buck-bean in the bogs, and white and yellow water-lilies and pond-weeds, just as there are now in our ponds.

3. There were wild horses, wild deer, and wild oxen, those last of an enormous size. There were little yellow roe-deer, which will not surprise you, for there are hundreds and thousands in Scotland to this day ; and, as you know, they will thrive well enough in our woods now. There were beavers too : but that must not surprise you, for there were beavers in South Wales long after the Norman Conquest, and there are beavers still in the mountain glens of the south-east of France.

4. There were honest little water-rats too, who I daresay sat up on their hind-legs like monkeys, nibbling the water-lily pods, thousands of years ago, as they do in our ponds now. Well, so far, we have come to nothing strange : but now begins the fairy tale.

5. Mixed with all these animals, there wandered about great herds of elephants and rhinoceroses ; not smooth-skinned, mind, but covered with hair and wool, like those which are still found sticking out of the everlasting ice cliffs, at the mouth of the Lena and other Siberian rivers, with the flesh, and skin, and hair so fresh upon them, that the wild wolves tear it off, and snarl and growl over the carcase of monsters who were frozen up thousands of years ago.

6. And with them, stranger still, were great



RINOCEROS.

hippopotamuses ; who came, perhaps, northward in summer time along the sea-shore and down the rivers, having spread hither all the way from Africa ; for in those days, you must understand, Sicily, and Italy, and Malta—look at your map—were joined to the coast of Africa : and so, it may be, was the rock of Gibraltar itself ; and over the sea where the Straits of Gibraltar now flow was firm dry land, over which hyenas and leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses ranged into Spain ; for their bones are found at this day in the Gibraltar caves. And this is the first chapter of my fairy tale.

7. Now while all this was going on, and perhaps before this began, the climate was getting colder year by year—~~we know not how~~; and, what is more, the land was sinking ; and it sank so deep, that at last ~~nothing~~ was left out of the water but the tops of the mountains in Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales. It sank so deep that it left beds of shells belonging to the Arctic regions nearly two thousand feet high upon the mountain side. And so

“It grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.”

8. But there were no masts then to measure the icebergs by, nor any ship nor human being there. All we know is that the icebergs brought with them vast quantities of mud, which sank to the bottom, and covered up that pleasant old forest-land in what is called boulder-clay ; clay full of bits of broken rock, and of blocks of stone so enormous, that nothing but an iceberg could have carried them.

9. So all the animals were drowned or driven away,

and nothing was left alive, perhaps, except a few little hardy plants which clung about cracks and gullies in the mountain tops ; and whose descendants live there still. That was a dreadful time ; the worst, perhaps, of all the age of Ice ; and so ends the second chapter of my fairy tale.

2. *Buck-bean.* Also called the Marsh Trefoil. A kind of gentian, which grows in marshy places.
5. *Lena.* A river of Siberia in Asiatic Russia.
7. *Emerald.* A precious stone of a deep green colour.
8. *Boulder-clay.* Clay brought down by icebergs and containing boulders or rounded blocks of stone.



"AND ICE MAST-HIGH CAME FLOATING BY."

29.—A True Fairy Tale (2)

1. Now for my third chapter. "When things come to the worst," says the proverb, "they commonly mend"; and so did this poor frozen and drowned land of England and France and Germany, though it mended very slowly.



"THE LAND ROSE AND GREW WARMER."

2. The land began to rise out of the sea once more, and rose till it was perhaps as high as it had been at first, and hundreds of feet higher than it is now; but still it was very cold, covered, in Scotland at least, with one great sea of ice and glaciers descending down into the sea. But as the land rose, and grew warmer too, while it rose, the wild beasts who had been driven

out by the great drowning came gradually back again.

3. As the bottom of the old icy sea turned into dry land, and got covered with grasses, and weeds, and shrubs once more, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, oxen—sometimes the same species, sometimes slightly different ones—returned to France, and then to England (for there was no British Channel then to stop them); and with them came other strange animals, especially the great Irish elk, as he is called, as large as the largest horse, with horns sometimes ten feet across. You can judge what a noble animal he must have been. Enormous bears came too, and hyaenas, and a tiger or lion (I cannot say which), as large as the largest Bengal tiger now to be seen in India.

4. And in those days—we cannot, of course, exactly say when—there came—first I suppose into the south and east of France, and then gradually onward into England and Scotland and Ireland—creatures without any hair to keep them warm, or scales to defend them, without horns or tusk to fight with, or teeth to worry and bite; the weakest you would have thought of the beasts, and yet stronger than all the animals, because they were Men, with reasonable souls.

5. Whence they came we cannot tell, nor why; perhaps from mere hunting after food, and love of wandering and being independent and alone. Perhaps they came into that icy land for fear of stronger and cleverer people than themselves; for we have no proof, none at all, that they were the first men that trod this earth.

6. But be that as it may, they came; and so

cunning were these savage men, and so brave likewise, though they had no iron among them, only flint and sharpened bones, yet they contrived to kill and eat the mammoths, and the giant oxen, and the wild horses, and the reindeer, and to hold their own against the hyænas, and tigers, and bears, simply because they had wits, and the dumb animals had none.

7. And that is the strangest part to me of all my fairy tale. For what a man's wits are, and why he has them, and therefore is able to invent and to improve, while even the cleverest ape has none, and therefore can invent and improve nothing, and therefore cannot better himself, but must remain from father to son, and father to son again, a stupid, pitiful, ridiculous ape, while men can go on civilising themselves, and growing richer and more comfortable, wiser and happier, year by year—how that comes to pass, I say, is to me a wonder and a prodigy and a miracle, stranger than all the most fantastic marvels you ever read in fairy tales.

8. You may find the flint weapons which these old savages used buried in many a gravel-pit up and down France and the south of England. But most of their remains are found in caves which water has eaten out of the limestone rocks, like that famous cave of Kent's Hole at Torquay. In it, and in many another cave, lie the bones of animals which the savages ate, and cracked to get the marrow out of them, mixed up with their flint weapons and bone harpoons, and sometimes with burnt ashes and with round stones, used perhaps to heat water, as savages do now, all baked together into a hard paste or breccia by the lime.

9. These are in the water, and are often covered

with a floor of stalagnite which has dripped from the roof above and hardened into stone. In these caves, no doubt, the savages lived: for not only have weapons been found in them, but actually drawings scratched (I suppose with flint) on bone or mammoth ivory—drawings of elk, and bull, and horse, and ibex—and one, which was found in France, of the great mammoth himself, the woolly elephant, with a mane on his shoulders like a lion's mane.

10. When stronger and bolder people, like the Irish, and the Highlanders of Scotland, and the Gauls of France, came northward with their bronze and iron weapons; and still more, when our own forefathers, the Germans and the Norsemen, came, these poor little savages, with their flint arrows and axes, were no match for them and had to run away northward, or to be all killed out; for people were fierce and cruel in those old times, and looked on every one of a different race from themselves as a natural enemy. They had not learnt—alas! too many have not learnt it yet—that all men are brothers for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. So these poor savages were driven out, till none were left, save the little Lapps up in the north of Norway, where they live to this day.

11. And so ends my fairy tale.

But is it not a wonderful tale? More wonderful, if you will think over it, than any story invented by man.

KINGSLEY.

3. *Elk.* An animal of the deer kind, with broad palm-shaped antlers.
6. *Mammoths.* A species of very large elephant.
7. *Ape.* A kind of monkey.
- Prodigy.* Extraordinary thing.

8. *Kent's Hole.* A cave in the rocks near Torquay, South Devon ; so called from the name of the person who discovered it.
- Breccia.* A mass of fragments cemented together.
9. *Stalagmite.* Mineral matter, composed of lime and other things found on the floors of caverns.
- Iber.* The wild goat found in the Alps, Pyrenees, etc.
10. *Lapps.* People of very short stature living in Lapland and the north of Norway.

30.—The Three Fishers

1. Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the
 town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour bar be moaning.
2. Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
 down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
 brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour bar be moaning.
3. Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,

And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town ;
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

KINGSLEY.

1. *Bar.* Sandbank at the entrance to the harbour.

Harbour bar be moaning. Though the noise of the waves
make a moaning sound when heard in the distance.

2. *Squall.* A sudden storm of wind and rain.

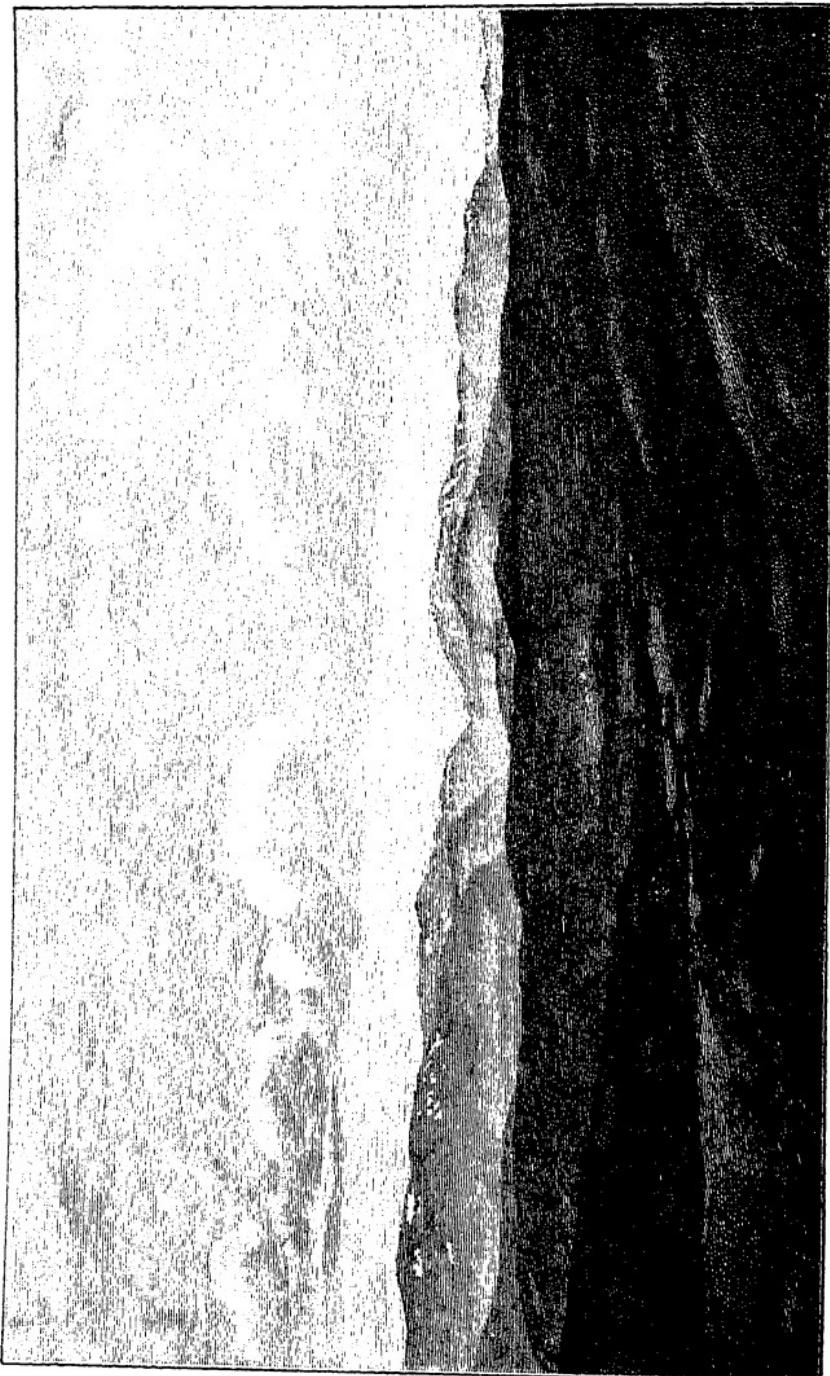
Night-rack. Thin, flying, broken clouds.

31.—The Highland Hills (1)

1. The Highland mountains occupy but a very subsidiary position among the great mountain ranges of the earth. The highest peak in which they culminate does not reach the line of perpetual snow. No avalanche thunders over their precipices to bury the villages at their base in ruins; no glacier brings eternal Winter down from his elevated throne into the midst of green cornfields and cultivated valleys, or yawns in dangerous crevasses across the traveller's path; no volcano reddens the horizon with its lurid smoke and flame.

2. Ages innumerable have passed away since the glacier flowed down their sides, and left its polished marks on the rocks, to be deciphered by the skill of the geologist; and those hills which once passed through a fiery ordeal, and poured their volcanic floods over the surrounding districts, now form the firmest foundations of the land, and afford quiet grassy pasturages for the sheep.

VIEW OF THE HIGHEST GROUP OF THE GRAMIANS.



3. Our mountains, indeed, possess few or none of those sublime attributes which invest the lofty ranges of other lands with gloom and terror. Their very storms are usually subdued, as if in harmony with their humbler forms. Though they tower to the sky, they seem nearer to the familiar earth ; and a large share of the beauty and verdure of the plains do they lift up with them in their rugged arms for the blessing of heaven.

4. Well do I know and love my native hills ; for I have spent some of the happiest days of my life in wandering amid their solitudes, following my fancies fearlessly wherever they led me.

5. I have seen them in all seasons, and in all their varied aspects :—in the dim dawn, when, swathed in cold dark clouds, they seemed like awful countenances veiled, yet speaking in the tongues of a hundred unseen waterfalls ; in the still noon-day, when, illuminated with sunshine, every cliff and scar on their sides stood out distinctly and prominently against the pure clear sky ; at sunset, when, amid the masses of burnished gold that lay piled up in the west—the glow of fire that burns without consuming—they seemed like the embers of a universal conflagration ; in the holy twilight, when they appeared to melt into the purple beauty of a dream, and the golden summer moon and the soft bright star of eve rose solemnly over their brows, lighting them up with a mystical radiance ; and in the lone dark waste of midnight, when from lake and river the long trailing mists crept up their sides without hiding their far-off summits, on which twinkled, like earth-lighted watch-fires, a few uncertain stars.

6. I have gazed upon them in the beauty of summer, when the heather was in full bloom, and for miles they glowed in masses of the loveliest purple; in the changing splendour of autumn, when the deep green of the herbage gave place to the russet hues of the fading flowers, the rich orange of the ferns, and the dark brown of the mosses; and in the dreary depth of winter, when storms during the whole twilight-day howled around them, or when, robed from foot to crown in a garment of the purest snow, they seemed meet approaches to "the great white Throne." In all these aspects they were beautiful, and in all they excited thoughts and emotions which no human language could adequately express.

7. Etherealised by the changing splendour of the heavens as the mountain summit appears when surveyed from below, rising up from the huge mound of rock and earth like a radiant flower above its dark foliage, it affords another illustration of the poetic adage, that "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." When you actually stand upon it, you find that the reality is very different from the ideal.

8. The clouds that float over it, "those mountains of another element," which looked from the valley like fragments of the sun, now appear in their true character as masses of cold dull vapour; and the mountain peak, deprived of the transforming glow of light, has become one of the most desolate spots on which the eye can rest.

9. Not a tuft of grass, not a bush of heather, is to be seen anywhere. The earth, beaten hard by the frequent footsteps of the storm, is leafless as the world on the first morning of creation. Huge fragments of

rocks, the monuments of elemental wars, rise up here and there, so rugged and distorted that they seem like nightmares petrified; while the ground is frequently covered with cairns of loose hoary stones, which look like the bones which remained unused after nature had built up the great skeleton of the earth, and which she had cast aside in this solitude to blanch and crumble away unseen.

10. When standing there during a misty storm, it requires little effort of imagination to picture yourself a shipwrecked mariner, cast ashore on one of the sublimely barren islands of the Antarctic Ocean. You involuntarily listen to hear the moaning of the waves, and watch for the beating of the foaming surge on the rocks around.

11. Around you there is nothing visible save the vague vacant sea of mist, with the shadowy form of some neighbouring peak looming through it like the genius of the storm; while your ears are deafened by the howling of the wind among the whirling masses of mist, by "the airy tongues that syllable men's names," the roaring of the cataracts, and the other wild sounds of the desert never dumb.

1. *Subsidiary.* Unimportant.

Culminate. Attain to.

Crevasses. Great clefts or chasms in the ice.

2. *Deciphered.* Spelled out ; read and explained.

3. *Attributes.* Qualities.

Verdure. Greenness.

5. *Mystical.* Suggesting or having a dim religious or spiritual significance.

Radiance. Brightness.

6. *Adequately.* Sufficiently ; justly.

7. *Etherealised.* Refined ; spiritualised.

Adage. An old saying.

9. *Distorted.* Twisted out of natural shape.
- Petrified.* Turned to stone.
10. *Involuntarily.* Unconsciously; against one's will.

32.—The Highland Hills (2)

1. Some years ago, while botanising with a friend over the Breadalbane mountains, we found ourselves, a little before sunset, on the summit of Ben Lawers, so exhausted with our day's work that we were utterly unable to descend the south side to the inn at the foot. In these circumstances we resolved to bivouac on the hill for the night.

2. On the higher ridge of the hill there is a strange rocky chasm which is popularly known as the "Crater," from its shape, not, of course, from any volcanic associations. It is strewn with rocks broken up into huge rectangular masses, lying loosely on the top of each other, and leaving large cavernous openings between them. In the thin coating of dark micaceous soil covering the sides and bases of these fallen rocks, some of the Saxifrage family grows sparingly.

3. It is a desolate, weird-looking place, where, according to tradition, the "Lady of Lawers," who several hundred years ago lived at the foot of the hill, and had the reputation of being a witch and a prophetess, folded her cows at night, after feeding on the slopes of the Ben all day.

4. In this crater-like hollow the sappers and miners of the Ordnance Survey, having to reside there for several months, had constructed square open enclosures, like sheepfolds, to shelter them from the northern blasts. In one of these roofless caravansaries we selected a spot on which to spread our couch.

5. My companion volunteered to kindle a fire, while I went in search of materials for an extemporaneous bed. As heather, which forms the usual spring-mattress of the belated traveller, does not occur on the summits of the higher hills, we were obliged to do without it—much to our regret ; for a heather-bed (I speak from experience) in the full beauty of its purple flowers, newly gathered, and skilfully packed close together, in its growing position, is as fragrant and luxurious a couch as any Sybarite could desire.

6. I sought a substitute in the woolly-fringe moss, which I found covering the north-west shoulder of the hill in the utmost profusion. It had this disadvantage, however, that, though its upper surface was very dry and soft, it was, beneath, a mass of wet decomposing peat. My object, therefore, was so to arrange the bed that the dry upper layer would be laid uniformly uppermost ; but it was frustrated by the enthusiasm excited by one of the most magnificent sunsets I had ever witnessed. It caused me completely to forget my errand. The western gleams had entered into my soul, and etherealised me above all creature wants.

7. Never shall I forget that sublime spectacle ; it brims with beauty even now my soul. Between me and the west, that glowed with unutterable radiance, rose a perfect chaos of wild, dark mountains, touched here and there into reluctant splendour by the slanting sunbeams. The gloomy defiles were filled with a golden haze, revealing in flashing gleams of light the lonely lakes and streams hidden in their bosom ; while, far over to the north, a fierce cataract that rushed down a rocky hill-side into a sequestered glen, frozen by the distance into the gentlest of all gentle things,

reflected from its snowy waters a perfect tumult of glory.

8. I watched in awe-struck silence the going-down of the sun amid all this pomp, behind the most distant



"THE WESTERN GLEAMS."

peaks—saw the few fiery clouds that floated over the spot where he disappeared fade into the cold dead colour of autumn leaves, and finally vanish in the mist of even—saw the purple mountains darkening into the Alpine twilight, and twilight glens and streams tremu-

lously glimmering far below, clothed with the strangest lights and shadows by the newly risen summer moon. Then, and not till then, did I recover from my trance



"A FIERCE CATARACT THAT RUSHED DOWN A ROCKY HILL-SIDE."

of enthusiasm to begin in earnest my preparations for the night's rest.

9. I gathered a sufficient quantity of the moss to prevent our ribs suffering from too close contact with

the hard ground ; but, unfortunately, it was now too dark to distinguish the wet peaty side from the dry, so that the whole was laid down indiscriminately. Over this heap of moss we spread a plaid, and lying down with our feet to the blazing fire, Indian fashion, we covered ourselves with another plaid, and began earnestly to court the approaches of the balmy god. Alas ! all our elaborate preparations proved futile ; sleep would not be wooed.

10. The heavy mists began to descend, and soon penetrated our upper covering, while the moisture of the peaty moss, squeezed out by the pressure of our bodies, exuded from below. To add to our discomfort, the fire smouldered and soon went out with an angry hiss, incapable of contending with the universal moisture.

11. It was a night in the middle of July, but there were refrigerators in the form of two huge masses of hardened snow on either side of us ; so the temperature of our bedchamber, when our warming-pan grew cold, may be easily conceived. We gazed at the large liquid stars, which seemed unusually near and bright ; not glimmering on the roof of the sky, but suspended far down in the blue concave, like silver lamps.

12. Our astronomical musings and the monotonous murmurings of the mountain streams at last lulled our senses into a kind of doze, for sleep it could not be called. How long we lay in this unconscious state we knew not, but we were suddenly startled out of it by the loud whirr and clucking cry of a ptarmigan close at hand, aroused perhaps by a nightmare caused by its last meal of crude whortleberries. All further thoughts of sleep were now out of the question ; so, painfully

raising ourselves from our recumbent posture, with a cold shiver, rheumatism racking in every joint, we set about rekindling the fire, and preparing our breakfast.

13. In attempting to converse, we found, to our dismay, that our voices were gone. We managed, however, by the help of signs, and a few hoarse croaks, to do all the talking required in our culinary conjurings ; and, after thawing ourselves at the fire, and imbibing a quantity of hot coffee, boiled, it may be remarked, in a tin, we felt ourselves in a condition to descend the hill. A dense fog blotted out the whole of creation from our view, except the narrow spot on which we stood ; and, just as we were about to set out, we were astonished to hear, far off through the mist, human voices shouting.

14. While we were trying to account for this startling mystery in such an unlikely spot and hour, we were still more bewildered by suddenly seeing, on the brink of the steep rocks above us, a vague, dark shape, magnified by the fog into portentous dimensions. Another, and yet another appeared, with, if possible, more savage mien and gigantic proportions. We knew not what to make of it. Fortunately, our courage was saved at the critical moment by the phantoms vanishing round the rocks to appear before us in a few minutes real botanical flesh and blood, clothed, as usual, with an utter disregard of the aesthetics of dress. The enthusiasm of our new friends for Alpine plants had caused them to anticipate the sun, for it was yet only three o'clock in the morning.

REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

1. *Botanising.* Gathering specimens of plants.
Ben Lawers. A mountain in Perthshire, on the northern shore of Loch Tay. It is nearly 4000 feet high ; and is famous for its rich store of alpine plants.
2. *Bivouac.* Camp in the open air.
2. *Chasm.* Deep gap or gulf.
Rectangular. Right angled.
Micaceous. Full of little specks of a glittering mineral called *mica*.
Saxifrage. A family of plants growing in stony soils ; very plentiful in the north.
3. *Weird-looking.* Looking almost supernatural.
Folded. Gathered into the fold.
4. *Sappers.* Men employed in digging mines.
Caravansary. A station for caravans.
5. *Extemporaneous.* Got up on the spur of the moment.
Belated. Delayed too long.
Sybarite. A native of Sybaris, a town in Italy, whose inhabitants in ancient times were famed for their luxury.
7. *Chaos.* Open blank space ; hence, a confused mass.
Defiles. Long narrow passes or gorges.
Sequestered. Lying apart ; lonely.
8. *Tremulously.* With a trembling or quivering motion.
9. *Indiscriminately.* Without distinguishing (one side from the other).
Futile. Useless.
10. *Exuded.* Oozed out.
11. *Refrigerators.* Things that make cool.
12. *Ptarmigan.* A kind of grouse.
Crude. Raw.
14. *Æsthetics.* Rules of good taste in art.

33.—Goblin Market (1)

Morning and evening
 Maids heard the goblins cry :

“ Come buy our orchard fruits,
 Come buy, come buy :
 Apples and quinces,
 Lemons and oranges,
 Plump unpecked cherries,
 Melons and raspberries,
 Damsons and bilberries,
 Taste them and try :
 Currants and gooseberries,
 Bright fire-like barberries,
 Come buy, come buy.”

1

Evening by evening
 Among the brookside rushes,
 Laura bowed her head to hear,
 Lizzie veiled her blushes ;
 Crouching close together
 In the cooling weather,
 With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
 With tingling cheeks and finger-tips.

1

“ Lie close,” Laura said,
 Pricking up her golden head
 “ We must not look at goblin men,
 We must not buy their fruits :
 Who knows upon what soil they fed
 Their hungry, thirsty roots ? ”

2

“ Come buy,” call the goblins
 Hobbling down the glen.



"COME BUY OUR ORCHARD FRUITS."

“ Oh,” cried Lizzie, “ Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.”
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look ;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook

30

35

“ Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.

40

How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious ;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.”

45

“ No,” said Lizzie : “ No, no, no :
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.”
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran :
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.

50

One had a cat’s face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat’s pace,
One crawled like a snail.

55

She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together :
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

60

Backwards up the mossy glen

Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
“ Come buy, come buy.”

When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate:
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
“ Good Folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin;
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.”

“ You have much gold upon your head,”
They answered all together:
“ Buy from us with a golden curl.”

She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit-globes fair or red,
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;

62

70

72

80

85

90

She sucked until her lips were sore ;
 Then flung the emptied rinds away,
 But gathered up one kernel-stone,
 And knew not was it night or day
 As she turned home alone.

95

Lizzie met her at the gate
 Full of wise upbraiding :

“ Dear, you should not stay so late,
 Twilight is not good for maidens ;
 Should not loiter in the glen
 In the haunts of goblin men.”

100

“ Nay, hush,” said Laura :
 “ Nay, hush, my sister :
 I ate and ate my fill,
 Yet my mouth waters still ;
 To-morrow night I will
 Buy more ; ” and kissed her.

105

Goblin. The common name given to a supposed supernatural being of small size but great strength, dwelling underground in mines, mounds, and in desert places.

- 5. *Quinces.* A fruit resembling the pear.
- 40. *Lugs.* Drags.
- 43. *Luscious.* Very sweet.
- 66. *Stock still.* Quite still ; motionless.
- 78. *Sweet-tooth.* Fond of sweet things.
- 80. *Purloin.* Steal.
- 99. *Upbraidings.* Reproofs.

34.—The Northmen (1)

1. The Northmen were a German race. Like all the nations who now people Europe, they came from Asia, and made their way along the eastern limits of

our continent, till they turned aside to follow the line of route that each tribe chose for itself.

2. The special German nation to whom the natives of Scandinavia belong was early known as that of the Goths. These people, in very remote times—before they had any written history to fix the date, had pushed their way northward and westward from their older homes in the East, till they reached the shores



NORTHMEN RETURNING FROM A FORAY.

of the Baltic and the German Ocean, where they settled themselves upon the islands and coast lands of those seas, driving out the inhabitants. Whenever they found themselves strong enough to subdue the natives of the country, they made slaves of them, but if they could not do that, they generally ended by forming friendly compacts with them.

3. It seems to be certain that, when the Goths came to the Baltic, they found the lands peopled by

older tribes of Kelts, Kimri and others, who, in their turn—but long before—had also come from beyond the shores of the Black Sea. These people were now for the most part driven by the new-comers into the more barren and colder districts, where we still find their descendants under the names of Finns and Lapps.

4. Some of the old Finnish tribes were much braver than their neighbours, the Lapps, and could not be so easily pushed aside by the Goths, who, therefore, were forced to try to make friends of them, and to pay respect to their gods and goddesses. In the course of time the most dreaded of these imaginary beings were placed among their deities, and worshipped as much as their chief god Odin himself.

5. Other Finnish or Lapp tribes were held in fear by the Goths, more perhaps on account of their craft and cunning than their bravery, for we find that in the Scandinavian myths or sagas, these people are made to appear, sometimes as giants of evil repute, and sometimes as artful, hideous dwarfs.

6. The religion of Scandinavia was, in ancient times, a form of the worship of Baal, in which the sun and fire were objects of great veneration as the sources of light and heat. But, after the Goths had settled in northern Germany and Scandinavia, this older religion only lingered in the form of superstitions, for the new-comers established their own faith, which was that of Woden, or, as he is called by the Northmen, Odin.

7. We English retain in the days of the week the remembrance of this religion, which was brought to our shores more than 1400 years ago by the Angles

and Saxons, who came from northern Germany and western Denmark, to give us a new name and a new fate in the world. The Angles and Jutes and Saxons who landed in Kent and Sussex first taught the people of Britain to divide the week into their *Sun-day*, *Moon-day*, *Ty's-day* (Ty being their god of War answering to the Mars of the Romans), *Woden's-day*, *Thor's-day*, and *Freia's-day*.

8. Thor, to whom they dedicated the fifth day of the week, was the strong and brave son of Odin, or Woden, and a special favourite among the northern gods, while Freia is believed, by some, to have been a Finnish goddess adopted by the Northmen as their goddess of Beauty.

9. Nothing certain is known in regard to the precise time when the Goths first came to the north of Europe, or when they began to follow the religion of Odin. Some persons have thought that under the name of Odin, or Woden, men worshipped the powers of nature; others, that the fables invented in regard to him and the other northern gods, who were called *Æsir*, and were said to have dwelt in a home known as *Asgaard*, were all founded upon events that had happened to the people before they left their distant homes in the far East. Perhaps both these sources, and others besides, helped to make up the mythology of the Northmen.

10. On the whole, the true worshippers of Odin held a moral faith. They believed that the first duty of mortals was to fear and love the All-father, or Creator, and that the next was to love and cherish their kindred and the friends to whom they had sworn to be faithful. But they did not see any virtue in

forgiving the guilty or sparing the innocent, if they had any wrongs to avenge.

11. When a man was slain in combat with a private foe, his kindred felt bound to take vengeance on the slayer, and to kill him and as many of his relations as they could; and if they were unable to do it in any other way, they thought it quite fair to attack them by night, and either slay them or burn them alive in their houses. This act, which they called "taking a house from one," was not to be performed, however, until all the women, children, old people, and slaves had been allowed to make their escape. So, even in their worst deeds, they showed some mercy to the feeble, and proved that they were not without a natural sense of justice.

12. In Odin, the Northmen worshipped the Alfadír, or Father of all men and all things—the Creator. They believed that He knew all things, and, in his character of All-father, would survive, when this earth and all the lesser gods had been swallowed up by time, to be regenerated according to the good or the evil that was in their nature; for the religion of Odin taught that the good would dwell in the golden place, and the evil be doomed with cowards, liars, and deceivers, to remain in a dwelling made of serpents' bones.

13. Before this final judgment, Odin was believed to look down on earth from his seat, learning all that happens there and in heaven from his ravens, who sit one on either side of his head and whisper into his ear. In the hall, Valhal, with its five hundred and forty gates, each wide enough to admit eight hundred men abreast, he received all brave and good men after

their death, and there the slain warriors pursued the life they had loved best on earth, fought their battles over again, listened to the songs of past victories, and feasted together without sorrow or pain to disturb them.

14. Odin was supposed to award his special favours to those warriors who brought gold, or other precious substances, with them to Valhal, and who had led an active life and wandered far and wide; hence the Northmen very early showed the greatest eagerness to gather together riches on their distant voyages. This was not so much for the sake of spending their wealth, as in the hope of securing a welcome from the god whenever they might have to appear in his presence.

15. They often ordered their children, or followers, on pain of severe punishment after death if they disobeyed them, to bury their riches with them; or they hid them away in places, known only to themselves, under the idea that Odin, who saw everything that passed on earth, would approve of their deed and reward them accordingly.

2. *Compacts.* Agreements.

5. *Myths.* Religious legends.

Sagas. Scandinavian stories of deities and heroes.

Repute. Reputation.

6. *Veneration.* Deep respect and reverence.

9. *Precise.* Exact.

12. *Regenerated.* Born again.

35.—The Northmen (2)

1. The Northmen were such a wandering, restless race of people, that from the latter times of the Roman

Republic, till very nearly the days of our William the Conqueror, who was himself of direct Scandinavian descent, they were always swarming southward from their northern hives, like so many hungry bees, ever eager to settle on the first pleasant spot that seemed to offer them the food and shelter which they sought; and ready, like those busy insects, to throw off fresh broods whenever the new hives grew too crowded for them.

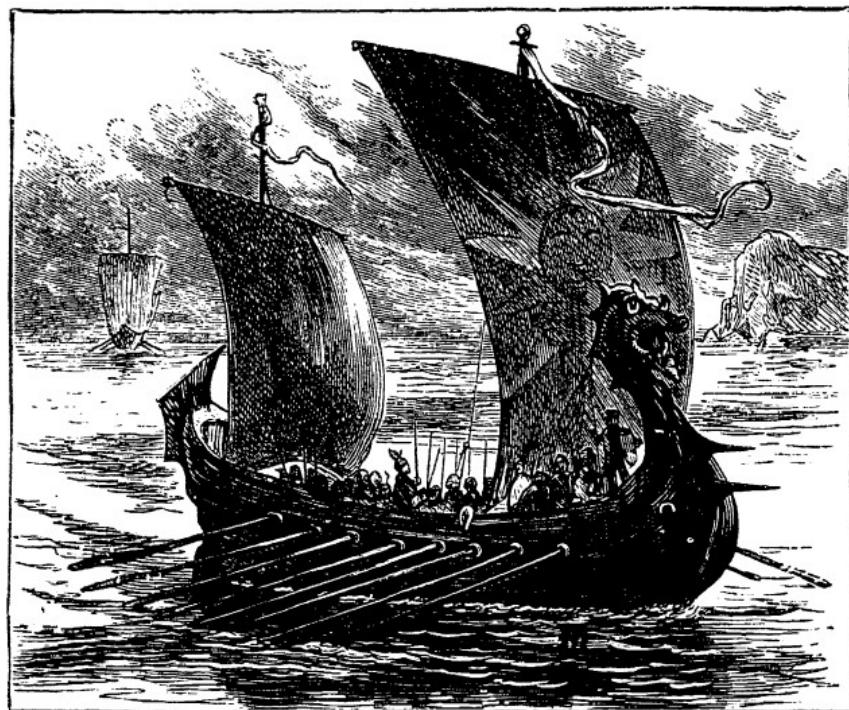
2. Tribe after tribe appeared every year with the return of warm weather; and when the Roman empire had ceased to exist, and Charlemagne had formed a new empire in Europe, these ancient foes of Rome, under other names perhaps, but with the same spirit as of old, hung upon every frontier, and attempted to penetrate into the interior through every stream and river that opened a way to pillage.

3. In the later times of their wanderings, the leaders among the Northmen were known as *Vikingar*, a name derived from *vik*, a bay, from the habit which these men had of lying under covert in some little bay, or *vik*, and darting out in their barks to waylay and plunder any vessel passing by. The art of coming unawares upon others, whether singly or with a large fleet, was for this reason known as a “*viking*.”

4. After a time these *vikingar* joined themselves into bands, and went forth in well-manned flotillas of small vessels, or rowing-boats, to attack foreign shores. After roaming over the seas from spring to autumn, they returned to their northern homes before the frost closed the harbours, and spent their winters in feasting and in athletic sports, or in preparing their shattered barks for future *viking* cruises. But faithful to the

precepts of their religion, they never failed to offer sacrifices and gifts to Odin, and their favourite gods, in gratitude for past favours, and in the earnest hope of securing, by these acts of devotion, a rich harvest of spoil for their next voyage.

5. In the eighth and ninth centuries the Danish



THE SHIPS OF THE VIKINGS.

vikingar first became formidable to the English, and from about the year 830 they came spring after spring to plunder the unhappy land of England, roaming over the country like pirates at sea, robbing, killing, and destroying as they went on their way, till their course might be everywhere tracked by the misery and desolation they left behind them.

6. This state of things continued with little change

till the time of our King Alfred, who, before his death, in the year 901, had, however, so completely overmastered these terrible invaders, that all who were unwilling to settle peacefully in the land, and accept Christianity for their religion, were forced to leave the kingdom.

7. When they could no longer carry on the course of pillage in which they took such delight, the Northmen did not care very much about coming to England : and we find that, about the time when they ceased to torment the Anglo-Saxons, they began to appear in great numbers on the Continent.

8. The Franks and Germans now learnt to fear their name as much as the English had once done, for in the lands where Charlemagne had reigned there was no prince strong enough to drive them out of his territories, and secure peace from their attacks as Alfred had done for his subjects.

9. The sons of a northern chief learnt from their earliest years how to endure hunger and cold without complaining, and to practise all kinds of exercises by which their bodies could be strengthened and hardened. They were taught to trap and kill wild animals in the water and the air, and on the dry land ; to throw stones, darts, and javelins ; wield heavy axes and clubs ; to use oars, steer boats, and to keep their barks in good trim for all weathers and seasons.

10. They could ride and swim, and scud along upon snow-shoes, or skate long distances over the ice. They wrestled and fought together, and played at being vikingar in such good earnest when they were small boys, that they hardly had patience to wait till they were men before they clamoured to share in all

the dangers of their fierce fathers, who, after having had the same training as themselves, had rushed out into the world to seek adventures.

11. The love which for a long time the early Northmen bore to their homes, and to the religious customs and social habits of their country, brought them back to the north at the end of every summer's short cruise. They spent the winter months in repairing their shattered barks, collecting fresh crews, planning new expeditions, and feasting among their kindred upon the rich plunder they had made on their latest voyage.

12. Sometimes the great vikingar stayed away in strange lands for many years, but when they had been so long absent they must have had all the more to tell of the strange sights they had seen, and the great deeds they had done. Thus the boys and youths who heard their wonderful tales soon began to think that there was nothing on earth so noble and charming as to become a sea-rover, and go forth like their elders to win renown, wealth, and glory—perhaps even a small kingdom all to themselves.

E. OTTÉ.

2. *Charlemagne* or Charles the Great, King of the Franks, conqueror of all Germany and most of Italy. He was crowned Emperor of the Romans in 800 A.D.

Pillage. Plunder.

3. *Under covert.* In hiding.

4. *Flotillas.* Small fleets.

Precepts. Teachings.

9. *Javelins.* Spears thrown by hand.

36.—Goblin Market (2)

Golden head by golden head,
 Like two pigeons in one nest
 Folded in each other's wings,
 They lay down in their curtained bed :
 Not a bat flapped to and fro
 Round their rest :
 Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
 Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning
 When the first cock crowed his warning, 10
 Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
 Laura rose with Lizzie :
 Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
 Aired and set to rights the house,
 Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat, 15
 Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
 Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
 Fed their poultry, sat and sewed ;
 Talked as modest maidens should :
 Lizzie with an open heart, 20
 Laura in an absent dream,
 One content, one sick in part ;
 One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
 One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came : 25
 They went with pitchers to the reedy brook ;
 Lizzie most placid in her look,
 Laura most like a leaping flame.
 They drew the gurgling water from its deep ;

Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags, 30
 Then turning homeward said : "The sunset flushes
 Those furthest loftiest crags ;
 Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,
 No wilful squirrel wags,
 The beasts and birds are fast asleep." 35
 But Laura loitered still among the rushes
 And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,
 The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill ;
 Listening ever, but not catching 40
 The customary cry,

"Come buy, come buy,"
 With its iterated jingle
 Of sugar-baited words :
 Not for all her watching 45
 Once discerning even one goblin
 Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling ;
 Let alone the herds
 That used to tramp along the glen,
 In groups or single, 50
 Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come ;
 I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look :
 You should not loiter longer at this brook :
 Come with me home." 55

Laura turned cold as stone
 To find her sister heard that cry alone,
 That goblin cry,
 "Come buy our fruits, come buy."
 She said not one word in her heart's sore ache ; 60

But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way ;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept ;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning, 65
And gnashed her teeth for balked desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain. 70
She never caught again the goblin cry :
“ Come buy, come buy ; ”—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen :
But when the noon waxed bright 75
Her hair grew thin and grey ;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

Tender Lizzie could not bear 80
To watch her sister's cankerous care,
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry :
“ Come buy our orchard fruits, 85
“ Come buy, come buy : ”—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear ; 90
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.



"DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, LAURA KEPT WATCH IN VAIN."—P. 145.

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door :
Then Lizzie weighed no more 95
Better and worse :
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook :
And for the first time in her life 100
Began to listen and look.

27. *Placid.* Calm ; composed.

43. *Iterated.* Repeated ; said again and again.

66. *Baulked.* Hindered ; prevented.

81. *Cankerous care.* Grief which causes the body to waste away.

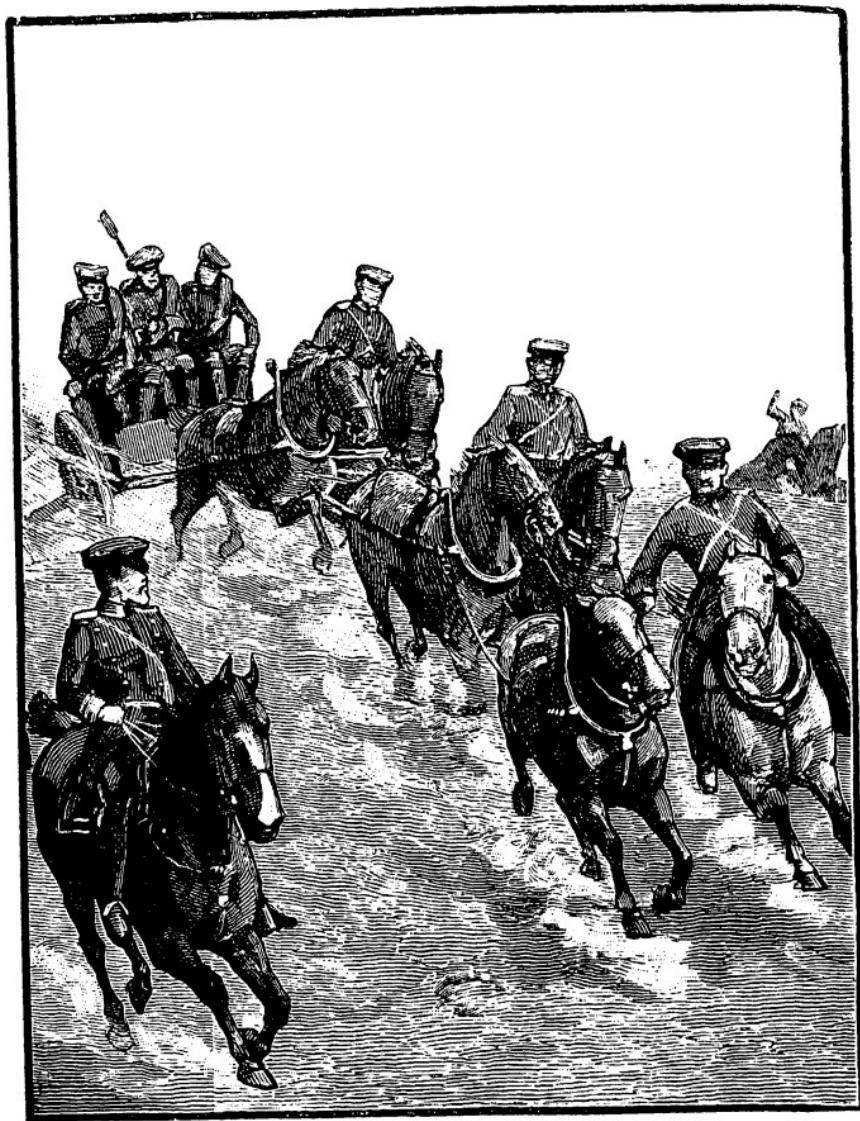
95. *Weighed.* Considered.

37.—The Capture of the Krishine Redoubt (1)

1. In the foggy day-dawn of the 7th September there began the third attempt on the part of the Russians, to make themselves masters of Osman Pasha's position around Plevna. To gain what was thought sufficient strength for this undertaking, steadily as its difficulties had been increasing because of the Moslem general's assiduous and judicious spadework, the Russian invasion had stood still, paralysed by Osman's bull-dog attitude there on their right flank, until the stream of reinforcement pouring in from Russia had filled up the war-depleted battalions, and added regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, to the "Order of Battle."

2. Ninety thousand men now stood around Plevna

waiting for the signal to assault. Skobeleff had the



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

extreme left flank, on ground wherewith he gained some familiarity in his dash on Plevna when co-

operating with Schahofskoy in the end of July. But that ground had taken on a new and more formidable face since then. Osman had been using the spade to great purpose during the five weeks' interval.

3. On ground whereon on the 30th July Skobeleff had manœuvred unimpeded, there cumbered the earth now the formidable Krishine series of redoubts, constructed and fortified with all the skill of Osman's engineers and artillerists. That undulating region where in peace time the maize fields are so luxuriant, now serrated with trench and piled high with parapets, was once and again to be drenched with Russian blood before the day should come when Osman, as he was carried away wounded into a captivity more honourable than many triumphs, should look his last around the scene in which he had fought so long and stout a fight.

4. A preliminary bombardment was to prepare the way for the Russian assault. Twenty great siege-cannon and 250 field guns, from the morning of the 7th September until the afternoon of the 11th, rained an iron hail-storm on Osman's positions. The 11th, Czar Alexander's name-day, was chosen for the assault. What happened elsewhere on that lurid afternoon in the rifts of the bewildering haze, need not here be recounted; I concern myself only with Skobeleff's glorious although unsuccessful part in the stupendous tragedy that was being enacted.

5. He had made his preparations with timely skill. He had pushed seventy guns forward to the very verge of safety, and prepared with their fire his grand attack, for which he had in hand four regiments of the line, and four battalions of riflemen.

Still keeping up his crushing artillery fire, he formed under its cover two regiments in the little hollow at the foot of the low hill in which stood the Turkish redoubt that was his objective, together with two battalions of his sharpshooters. The distance was not more than 1200 yards up to the scarp of the Turkish work.

6. His arrangements complete, he himself took up a position whence he could watch events, and ordered the stormers to fall on. The assaulting column moved forward, rifles on shoulders, with music playing and banners flying, and soon had all but disappeared in the fog and mist. The outline of the column was barely visible, a dark mass in the obscurity.

7. With his finger, so to speak, on every throb of the pulse of the battle, Skobeleff discerned that his first line was wavering and hesitating under the stress of the Turkish riflemen. On the instant he hurled forward a fresh regiment to invigorate it, and watched attentively the effect. This added force carried the mass farther forward with its momentum and its dash, but the Turkish redoubt flamed and smoked, and poured forth such a torrent of bullets that the Russian line was again staggered.

8. Skobeleff stood up unharmed in this shower of balls as if he bore a charmed life. All his escort were killed or wounded. As he watched the line sway and heave in its hesitation, he flung forward to its support his fourth and last regiment. Again this new and fresh wave carried farther forward with its momentum the earlier waves, whose force had been all but spent, until the now ragged and disordered line all but reached the lip of the glacis. But there it staggered.

9. On the panting soldiers poured steadily that deadly shower of Turkish bullets ; men were falling in hundreds, and the issue swayed to and fro in the balance. It was a time when the hearts of the onlookers stood still, and the current of blood seemed to cease to flow in the veins. There was not a moment to be lost, if failure was not to be the issue of the attack.

1. *Redoubt.* A little fort into which soldiers may retire when occasion requires.

Osman Pasha. A Turkish general.

Plevna. A strong fortress in Bulgaria.

Moslem. A Turkish word meaning a true believer. The Turks are believers in Mahomet.

Spadework. The throwing up of fortifications.

Bull-dog attitude. Determined manner.

Battalion. A body of soldiers less than a regiment : frequently used for regiment.

War-depleted battalions. Battalions diminished in numbers by death.

Brigade. A body of soldiers consisting of several regiments.

2. *Skobeleff and Schahofskoy.* Russian generals.

Flank. Side.

3. *Manœuvred.* Moved his troops skilfully from place to place.

Undulating region. Gently rising and falling : not quite level.

Serrated. Having risings and depressions like the teeth of a saw (Lat. *serra* = a saw).

4. *Bombardment.* The throwing of bomb-shells into a place to destroy it.

Lurid. Gloomy.

5. *Objective.* The object of his attack.

Scarp. Steep front of a fortification.

7. *Momentum.* Impulse : added force.

8. *Glacis.* A gently sloping bank.

38.—The Capture of the Krishine Redoubt (2)

1. Skobeleff had now in reserve but two battalions of riflemen, but they were picked men, the best soldiers in his command. He closed his glass, he swung himself into the saddle, his sword flashed from the scabbard, his voice rang out loud, clear, and calm, as he galloped out to the front of the deployed riflemen, and bade his "brothers" to follow him.

As he rode on, he gathered up and rallied the stragglers; he reached the wavering, fluctuating mass swaying there in the fire, and sent thrilling and tingling through it the sublime inspiration of his own high courage. He caught up, as it were, the whole mass, and carried it bodily forward with a rush and a cheer.

2. The whole redoubt was a pandemonium of flame and smoke from out of which rose screams, shouts, cries of agony and defiance, along with deep-mouthed bellowing of the cannon, and the steady, awful, ruthless crash of the deadly rifle-fire. Skobeleff's sword was cut in two in the middle, as he waved it above his head. Then a moment later, just as he was gathering his horse together for the leap across the ditch, horse and man rolled together on the ground; the horse shot and done with, the man alive and unharmed.

3. Skobeleff sprang nimbly to his feet with a shout; the men he led responded; then, with a sharp, savage yell, the whole mass of men streamed after the white-coated leader across the ditch, up the face, over the parapet, and swept down into the redoubt like a

whirlwind. There ensued a few fierce moments of



TURKISH SOLDIERS.

desperate hand to hand fighting; then numbers and

the bayonet had done their work, and a hoarse shout told that Skobeleff had captured the Krishine redoubt, and that at last one of the most important defences of Plevna was in the hands of the Russians.

4. But at what a sacrifice! In that short rush of a few hundred yards, 3000 men had gone down —one-fourth of Skobeleff's whole force; and the slope, the glacis, the ditch, and the scarp were strewn thick with the fallen. He was not responsible for the assault; he was ordered to take the redoubt, and he was the man to obey orders when they enjoined fighting.

5. Then he tried to hold what he had won, but at a dreadful disadvantage; for the adjacent redoubts commanded it, and poured into it a continuous shell-fire. He prayed even pathetically for reinforcements, urging with stern yet piteous vehemence that if only they were sent him, he would guarantee to serve the other redoubts as he had done this one, and so gain Plevna. There was little doubt that he could have made good his words. But unspeakable ignorance, carelessness, and folly refused him the reinforcements for which he entreated.

6. Still he clung fiercely to what he had won, loath to relinquish the vantage ground, such as it was.

By the afternoon of the 12th, 3000 more of his men had gone down. He had lost 50 per cent of his command. At length, late in the afternoon, the Turks took the offensive in overwhelming numbers, and drove Skobeleff's shattered remnant out of the work so long and so obstinately held. Such indomitable spirit had he been able to inspire that, after thirty-six hours of continuous fighting, some men had not then

enough of it, and actually 200 men under Major Gostaloff would not quit the place, but fought it out in a desperate hand to hand struggle until the last man of them was cut down.

7. As Skobeleff came out at the head of his dauntless remnant, MacGahan met him, and I know nothing in the language more luridly vivid than his pen picture of Skobeleff in this unique crisis : " He was in a fearful state of excitement and fury. His uniform was covered with blood, mud, and filth : his sword broken ; his Cross of St. George twisted round on his shoulder ; his face black with powder and smoke ; his eyes haggard and bloodshot, and his voice quite gone. I never saw such a picture of battle as he presented.

8. " I saw him again in his tent at night. He was then quite calm and collected. He said, ' I have done my best ; I could do no more. My detachment is half destroyed ; my regiments do not exist ; I have no officers left ; they sent me no reinforcements ; I have lost three guns ! '—" Why did they refuse you reinforcements ? ' I asked ; ' who was to blame ? '—" I blame nobody,' answered Skobeleff, ' it was the will of God ! ' "

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

1. *Scabbard.* Sheath.
Deployed. Stretched out in a long line.
2. *Pandemonium.* A place of utter disorder.
Ruthless. Pitiless.
5. *Vehemence.* Great force.
6. *Vantage ground.* The position which gives one advantages over others.
Indomitable. Not able to be conquered.
7. *MacGahan.* An American war correspondent.
Pen picture. Description in words.
Cross of St. George. A red cross on a white ground.

39.—Goblin Market (3)

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping :
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,

“ Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs ;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs.”—

“ Good folk,” said Lizzie,
“ Give me much and many :”—
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny.
“ Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,”
They answered grinning :

"Our feast is just beginning."

30

"Thank you," said Lizzie : "but one waits
At home alone for me :

So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any

Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny

I tossed you for a fee."—

They began to scratch their pates,

No longer wagging, purring,

But visibly demurring,

Grunting and snarling.

One called her proud,

Cross-grained, uncivil ;

Their tones waxed loud,

Their looks were evil.

Lashing their tails

They trod and hustled her,

Elbowed and jostled her,

Clawed with their nails,

Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,

50

Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,

Twitched her hair out by the roots,

Stamped upon her tender feet,

Held her hands and squeezed their fruits

Against her mouth to make her eat.

55

White and golden Lizzie stood,

Like a lily in a flood,

Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,

Coaxed and fought her,

Bullied and besought her,

Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,

60

Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word ;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in ;
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syruped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd. 70
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way ;
Knew not was it night or day ;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.

She cried, "Laura," up the garden,
" Did you miss me ?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me ;
Laura, make much of me :
85
90

For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair:

95

"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden ?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruined in my ruin,
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden ?"
She clung about her sister,
Kissed and kissed and kissed her :
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth ;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

100

110

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast :
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.

115

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,

120



Felt for her breath,
 Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
 With tears and fanning leaves : 125
 But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
 And early reapers plodded to the place
 Of golden sheaves,
 And dew-wet grass
 Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass, 130
 And new buds with new day
 Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
 Laura awoke as from a dream,
 Laughed in the innocent old way,
 Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice ; 135
 Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,
 Her breath was sweet as May
 And light danced in her eyes.

C. G. ROSSETTI (*Abridged*).

- 13. *Russet*. Of a reddish-brown colour.
-
- Dun*. Of a dark brown colour.
- 33. *Parleying*. Talking.
- 40. *Demurring*. Hesitating.
- 68. *Syruped*. Sweetened.
- 80. *Threaded copse and dingle*. Made her way through wood and glen.
- 102. *Undone in mine undoing*. Ruined in saving me.
- 110. *Drouth*. Drought.
- 111. *Aguish fear*. Fear which makes one tremble.
- 114. *Wormwood*. A bitter but stimulating plant.

40.—The Last Fight of the "Revenge" at Sea (1)

10TH AND 11TH SEPTEMBER 1591

[The following account is adapted from the narrative of Sir Walter Raleigh. Of this fight Professor J. A. Froude says :—

"At the time, all England and all the world rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people ; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the destruction of the Armada itself ; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them."]

1. Lord Thomas Howard, with six of Her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces, when riding at anchor under the Island of Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, was informed by Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada.

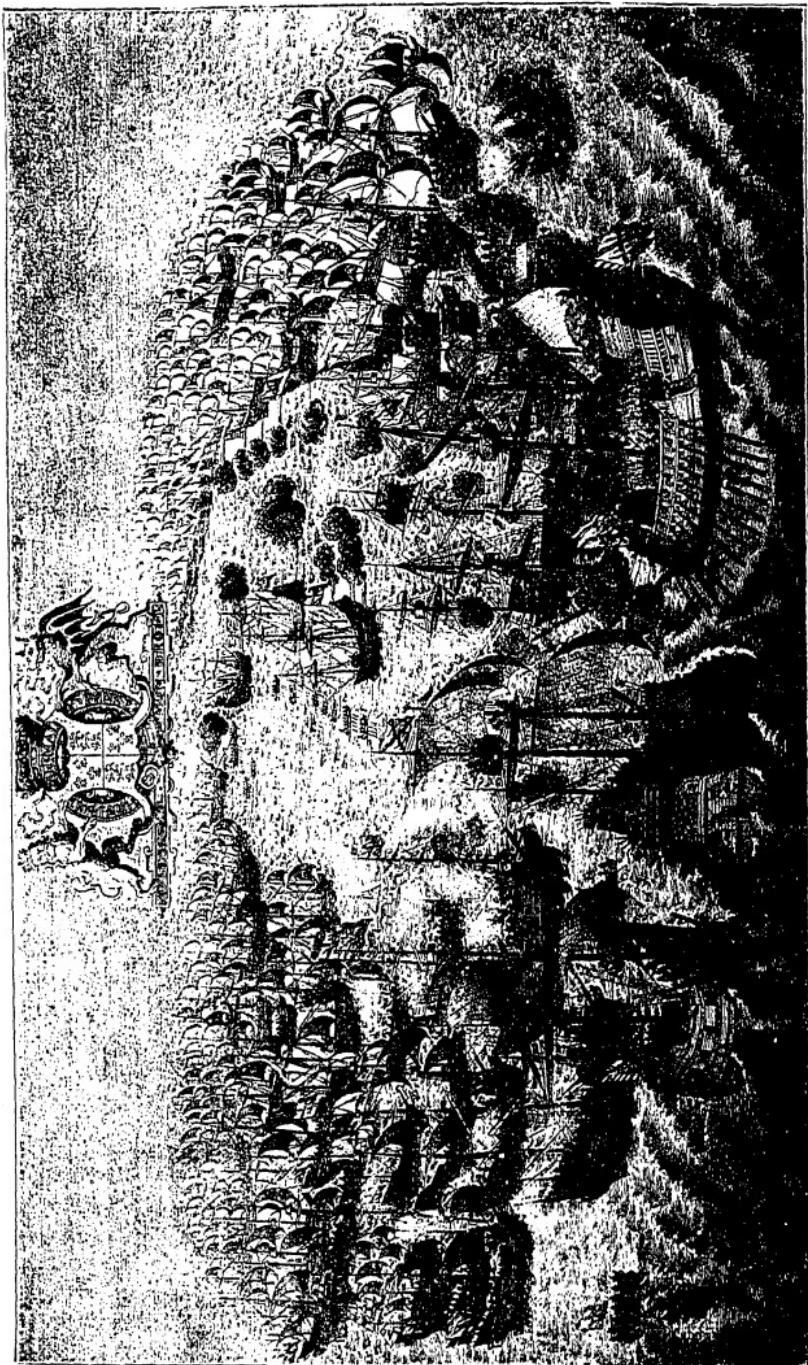
Middleton, being in a swift sailing ship, had kept the Armada company for three days in order to discover its strength and to warn Lord Howard of its approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight.

2. Many of our ships' companies were on shore. Some were providing ballast for the ships, and others were in search of water ; but what was most to our disadvantage, one half of the men of each ship were sick and not fit for active service. In consequence, our ships were all disarranged, and everything was out of order.

The approach of the Spanish fleet having been hidden by the island, the Spaniards were so soon on us, that our ships had scarcely time to weigh their anchors ; some of them were forced to let slip their cables and set sail.

3. Sir Richard Grenville, having waited to take on board the sick who otherwise would have been lost, was the last to weigh anchor.

Lord Howard, with the rest of the ships, was only just in time to obtain the advantage of the wind.



THE SPANISH ARMADA.

One of the Spanish squadron being now on his weather-bow, Sir Richard Grenville was prevented from following the same course. He was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and to cast about and trust to the sailing of the ship.

4. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship, and persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in spite of them, and force one of them to make way for him. He was enabled to do this through some of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*.

But the other course would have been better, and might well have been tried, considering the great impossibility of prevailing. Yet, because of his great courage, he could not be persuaded to follow this course.

5. Whilst he was engaged with the vessels nearest him, the *San Philip*, a huge vessel of 1500 tons, coming up to windward of him, took the wind out of his sails, so that the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm, and then ran aboard him.

When he was thus becalmed, the vessels that were under his lee, luffing up, also ran aboard him.

The *San Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on each side and eleven guns in each tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase beside those of her stern ports.

6. After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her; two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning

at three o'clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the *San Philip* having received a volley from the lower tier of the *Revenge*, quickly withdrew from her side, not liking the reception she received. Some say the ship foundered.

7. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200 besides the mariners, in others 500 or 800. In others there were none at all beside the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few volunteer gentlemen only.

After having interchanged many volleys of great and small shot, the Spaniards wished to come on board the *Revenge*, and made several attempts, hoping to force their way by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but they were repulsed again and again, and every time beaten back into their own ships or into the sea.

8. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him to do, since he was but one of the victuallers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune.

1. *Lord Thomas Howard*. An English Admiral sent out with a fleet of six ships to attack and plunder a Spanish fleet returning with treasure from the West Indies.

Victuallers. Ships carrying provisions for the fighting ships.

Pinnaces. Small ships attending larger ones.

Azores. A group of islands 800 miles west of Portugal.

Armada. A fleet of war-ships.

2. *Ballast*. Heavy material for steadyng the ship.
Weigh their anchors. Pull up their anchors.

Slip their cables. A cable is a large rope or chain used on board ship. "To slip the cable" is to set sail without waiting to pull up the anchor to which the cable is attached.

3. *Sir Richard Grenville.* A Cornish gentleman much feared by the Spaniards.
4. *Sprang their luff.* Turned about so as to cease to be blown forward by the wind.

Under the lee. On the side sheltered from the wind.

5. *To windward.* On the side on which the wind was blowing.

Ordnance. Cannon.

Out of her chase. The port holes in the bow of a ship.

41.—The last Fight of the "Revenge" at Sea (2)

1. The fight continued without interruption while the day lasted and during some hours of the night. Many of our men were killed and wounded. In the Spanish ships there was great slaughter, and two of their largest ships were sunk.

Some say that Sir Richard was very dangerously wounded almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* company affirm that he was never wounded so severely as to make him forsake the upper deck till an hour before midnight. He was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and afterwards in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him.

2. As the Spanish ships which attempted to board her were beaten and driven off, others came in their place, so that there were never less than two mighty galleons at her side and aboard her. Ere the morn-

ing, from three o'clock the day before, fifteen different ships had assailed her. They all so little approved of the reception they received, that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a truce, than hastily to make any more assaults.

3. But as the day increased, so our men decreased ; and as the light grew more and more, so much the more grew our discomforts ; for none appeared in sight but enemies, except one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered about all night to see the success, and in the morning was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds, —but escaped.

4. All the powder in the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent ; all her pikes were broken ; forty of her best men were slain ; and the greater part of the remainder wounded.

In the beginning of the fight she had but 100 men in a condition to fight ; and 70 sick men lay upon the ballast in the hold. This was indeed a small number of men to man such a ship, and a weak force to resist so great an enemy. Everything was sustained by these 100 men ; but the Spaniards were being continually supplied with men, arms, and powder from the ships of every squadron.

5. For our men there was no comfort, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons. The masts were all beaten overboard, all her riggings cut asunder, the upper works all shot in pieces ; there remained but the bottom of a ship ; nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence. She was slowly settling down in the sea.

6. Sir Richard finding himself in such distress and

unable to resist longer—having already fought for fifteen hours and borne the attacks of fifteen ships of war one after the other, during which the ship had received 800 shots of great artillery and been boarded many times; and knowing that both he and his ship must be taken by the enemy who now formed a ring around him—commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, so that nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing that they were unable to take him after fifteen hours' fighting, with the help of 15,000 men and 53 men-of-war.

He persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves to God, and to the mercy of none else; saying that as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now diminish the honour of the nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

7. The master gunner and certain others readily consented; but the captain and the master would not agree. They besought Sir Richard to think of his men, alleging that the Spaniards would be as willing to come to terms as they were; and that there were still sufficient brave men living to do good service for their country in time to come.

They pointed out that the Spaniards would never be able to glory in having taken one of Her Majesty's ships, as the ship had already six feet of water in the hold, and three shot-holes under water so imperfectly stopped that she must sink with the first rough sea; she was besides so crushed and battered that it would be impossible to remove her.

Sir Richard refused to listen to any such reasons.

8. Whilst the captain was winning over the greater number of the crew to his views, the master went on board the Admiral's ship.

The Admiral, Alonzo de Bacon, finding none of his fleet anxious to board the *Revenge* again, as they doubted whether Sir Richard would not blow up both himself and them, and hearing from the master of Sir Richard's intentions,—agreed that all their lives should be spared, and the company sent to England, the more wealthy paying such reasonable ransom as their wealth would permit; and that in the meantime they should be free from galley service or imprisonment.

He agreed to these terms as much from fear of further loss to themselves as from a desire to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom, for his remarkable value, he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

9. When the terms were made known, feeling their lives secure, the sailors drew back from their agreement with Sir Richard and the master gunner, it being no difficult matter to dissuade men from death to life.

The master gunner, finding Sir Richard and himself thus prevented and overcome by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been forcibly restrained and locked in his cabin.

10. Then the Spanish Admiral sent several boats to board the *Revenge*; and many of our men, fearing what Sir Richard might do, stole away, and went on board the enemy's ships.

Sir Richard being thus overpowered, the Spanish

Admiral sent to remove him out of his ship, which was like a slaughter-house, full of blood and the bodies of dead and wounded men.

Sir Richard replied that he might do with his body what he liked, for he esteemed it not. As he was carried out of the ship he swooned, but reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

11. The Admiral showed every kindness to him, and left nothing untried that might tend to his recovery, commanding his valour and worthiness and greatly lamenting the dangerous condition in which he lay.

Sir Richard died, it is said, on board the Admiral's ship two or three days afterwards, and was greatly lamented by them.

12. From another account we get this additional information :—"The captains of the ships went to visit him and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondering at his courage and stout heart, for he showed no sign of faintness."

13. Feeling the power of death approaching, he spake these words in Spanish : "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. My soul most joyfully departs out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier who has done his duty as he was bound to do."

When he had finished these words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any true sign of heaviness in him.

2. *Galleon.* A large Spanish ship with four or five decks.

5. *Works.* Masts and riggings.
6. *Master gunner.* An officer who takes charge of the cannon and directs their management during the fight.
8. *Galley service.* A galley was a boat generally rowed by slaves and criminals as a punishment.

42.—The "Revenge" (1)

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

1

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
far away :

" Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-
three ! "

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : " 'Fore God I
am no coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-
three ? "

2

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : " I know you are
no coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men or more that are lying sick
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

3

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war
that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

4

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and
to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.
" Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good English
men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

5

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we rear'd a
hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

6

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen
hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

7

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
 board lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

8

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself
 and went
 Having that within her womb that had left her ill
 content ;
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
 hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
 musqueteers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
 shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

1. *Lay.* Lay at anchor.
'Fore God. Before God ; I call God to witness.
Out of gear. Not in fighting order.
Ships of line. Line-of-battle ships ; men-of-war.
2. *Inquisition.* A court of Spain for the trial of all persons
 opposed to the Catholic religion.
Devildoms. Horrible cruelties awarded as punishments
 by the Inquisition.
3. *Bideford.* On Barnstaple Bay, then one of the chief sea-
 ports.
Thumbscrew. A method of torture.
The stake. The post to which those who denied the
 Catholic faith were chained and then burnt.
4. *Huge sea-castles.* Large vessels with four or five decks ;
 galleons.

Weather bow. Quarter from which the wind was blowing.

Don. A Spanish noble: here used for Spaniards generally.

8. *Having that within her womb, etc.* She had been shot through the hull.

Pikes. Long lances.

Musqueteers. Soldiers armed with muskets.

43.—The "Revenge" (2)

9

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

10

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"

Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

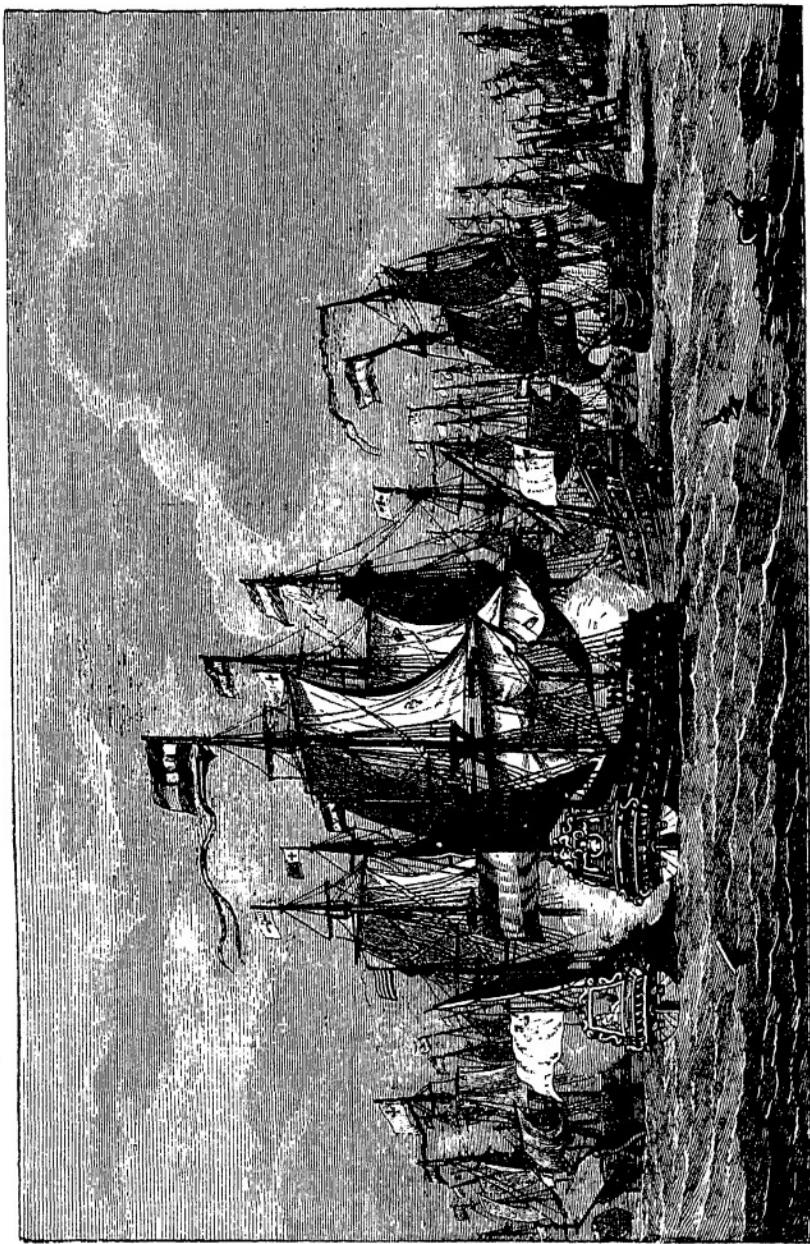
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and
the head,
And he said "Fight on ! fight on !"

11

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
all in a ring ;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd
that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent ;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the
side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
" We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when ?



"THE SPANISH FLEET . . . LAY ROUND US ALL IN A RING. —P. 175.

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her
in twain !

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain !”

12

And the gunner said “ Ay, ay,” but the seamen made
reply :

“ We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go ;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow.”

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.

13

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :

“ I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true ;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !”

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

14

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship and his English
 few ;
 Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they
 knew,
 But they sank his body with honour down into the
 deep,
 And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien
 crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her
 own ;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
 from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to
 moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
 quake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
 masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
 shatter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island
 crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

LORD TENNYSON.

10. *Grisly wound.* Frightful wound.
Him that was dressing it. The surgeon.
11. *Perilous plight.* Dangerous condition.
Maimed. Injured.
Cannonades. Assaults made by cannon.
Stark. Stiff in death.
12. *The lion.* Sir Richard ; so called because of his bravery.
13. *Flagship.* The admiral's ship which carries his flag.

13. *Courtly foreign grace.* Polished manners.
Queen and Faith. Elizabeth and the Protestant religion.
14. *Swarthier.* Darker.
Alien. Foreign.
Island crags. Island of Terceira, one of the Azores.

44.—The Pickwick Club out shooting (1)

1. The birds, who, happily for their own peace of mind, and personal comfort, were in blissful ignorance of the preparations which had been making to astonish them, on the first of September, hailed it no doubt, as one of the pleasantest mornings they had seen that season. Many a young partridge who strutted complacently among the stubble, and many an older one who watched his levity out of his little round eye, with the contemptuous air of a bird of wisdom and experience, alike unconscious of their approaching doom, basked in the fresh morning air with lively and blithesome feelings, and a few hours afterwards were laid low upon the earth. But we grow affecting: let us proceed.

2. In plain commonplace matter-of-fact, then, it was a fine morning—so fine that you would scarcely have believed that the few months of an English summer had yet flown by. Hedges, fields, and trees, hill and moorland, presented to the eye their ever-varying shades of deep rich green; scarce a leaf had fallen; scarce a sprinkle of yellow, mingled with the hues of summer, warned you that autumn had begun. The sky was cloudless; the sun shone out bright and warm; the songs of birds, and hum of myriads of

summer insects, filled the air; and the cottage gardens, crowded with flowers of every rich and beautiful tint, sparkled in the heavy dew, like beds of glittering jewels. Everything bore the stamp of summer, and none of its beautiful colours had yet faded from the die.

3. Such was the morning, when an open carriage, in which were three Pickwickians, (Mr. Snodgrass having preferred to remain at home,) Mr. Wardle, and Mr. Trundle, with Sam Weller on the box beside the driver, pulled up by a gate at the road-side, before which stood a tall, raw-boned gamekeeper, and a half-booted, leather-leggined boy: each bearing a bag of capacious dimensions and accompanied by a brace of pointers.

4. "I say," whispered Mr. Winkle to Wardle, as the man let down the steps, "they don't suppose we're going to kill game enough to fill those bags, do they?"

"Fill them!" exclaimed old Wardle. "Bless you, yes! You shall fill one, and I the other; and when we've done with them, the pockets of our shooting-jackets will hold as much more."

* Mr. Winkle dismounted without saying anything in reply to this observation; but he thought within himself, that if the party remained in the open air, till he had filled one of the bags, they stood a considerable chance of catching tolerable colds in the head.

5. "Hi, Juno, lass—hi, old girl; down, Daph, down," said Wardle, caressing the dogs. "Sir Geoffrey still in Scotland, of course, Martin?"

The tall gamekeeper replied in the affirmative, and looked with some surprise from Mr. Winkle, who was

holding his gun as if he wished his coat pocket to save him the trouble of pulling the trigger, to Mr. Tupman, who was holding his, as if he were afraid of it—as there is no earthly reason to doubt that he really was.

6. “My friends are not much in the way of this sort of thing yet, Martin,” said Wardle, noticing the look. “Live and learn, you know. They’ll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend Winkle’s pardon, though; he has had some practice.”

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgment of the compliment, and got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, in his modest confusion, that if the piece had been loaded, he must inevitably have shot himself dead upon the spot.

“You mustn’t handle your piece in that ere way, when you come to have the charge in it, Sir,” said the tall gamekeeper gruffly, “or you’ll make cold meat of some on us.”

7. Mr. Winkle, thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and in so doing, contrived to bring the barrel into pretty smart contact with Mr. Weller’s head.

“Hallo!” said Sam, picking up his hat, which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple. “Hallo, Sir! if you comes it this vay, you’ll fill one o’ them bags, and something to spare, at one fire.”

Here the leather-leggined boy laughed very heartily, and then tried to look as if it was somebody else, whereat Mr. Winkle frowned majestically.

8. “Where did you tell the boy to meet us with the snack, Martin?” inquired Wardle.

"Side of One-Tree Hill, at twelve o'clock, Sir."

"That's not Sir Geoffrey's land, is it?"

"No, Sir; but it's close by it. It's Captain Boldwig's land; but there'll be nobody to interrupt us, and there's a fine bit of turf there."

"Very well," said old Wardle. "Now the sooner we're off the better. Will you join us at twelve, then, Pickwick?"

9. Mr. Pickwick was particularly desirous to view the sport, the more especially as he was rather anxious in respect of Mr. Winkle's life and limbs. On so inviting a morning, too, it was very tantalising to turn back, and leave his friends to enjoy themselves. It was, therefore, with a very rueful air that he replied,—

"Why, I suppose I must."

"An't the gentleman a shot, Sir?" inquired the long gamekeeper.

"No," replied Wardle; "and he's lame besides."

"I should very much like to go," said Mr. Pickwick —"very much."

There was a short pause of commiseration.

10. "There's a barrow t'other side the hedge," said the boy. "If the gentleman's servant would wheel along the paths, he could keep nigh us, and we could lift it over the stiles and that."

"The wery thing," said Mr. Weller, who was a party interested, inasmuch as he ardently longed to see the sport. "The wery thing. Well said, Smallcheck; I'll have it out, in a minute."

But here a difficulty arose. The long gamekeeper resolutely protested against the introduction into a shooting-party, of a gentleman in a barrow, as a gross violation of all established rules and precedents.

11. It was a great objection, but not an insurmountable one. The gamekeeper having been coaxed and feed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by "punching" the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested the use of the machine, Mr. Pickwick was placed in it, and off the party set; Wardle and the long gamekeeper leading the way, and Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

1. *First of September.* The day on which the shooting season commences.

Complacently. In a self-satisfied manner.

Levity. Absence of care; lightness of conduct.

With the contemptuous air. In a manner which showed how superior he considered his own knowledge.

3. *Three Pickwickians.* Members of the Pickwick Club.

Sam Weller. Mr. Pickwick's servant.

Capacious dimensions. Very large size.

Pointers. Sporting dogs employed to point out the game.

5. *Replied in the affirmative.* Answered, Yes.

6. *Make cold meat.* Kill.

8. *Snack.* Light refreshments.

9. *Tantalising.* Tormenting; irritating.

Rueful air. Mournful manner.

Commiseration. Sorrow at the distress of others.

10. *Small-check.* A nick-name given because of his clothes.

11. *Feed.* Having been given a "fee" or "tip."

45.—The Pickwick Club out shooting (2)

1. "Stop, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when they had got half across the first field.

"What's the matter now?" said Wardle.

"I won't suffer this barrow to be moved another

step," said Mr. Pickwick, resolutely, "unless Winkle carries that gun of his, in a different manner."

"How *am* I to carry it?" said the wretched Winkle.

"Carry it with the muzzle to the ground," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"It's so unsportsman-like," reasoned Winkle.

"I don't care whether it's unsportsman-like or not," replied Mr. Pickwick; "I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow, for the sake of appearances, to please anybody."

2. "I know the gentleman 'll put that ere charge into somebody afore he's done," growled the long man.

"Well, well—I don't mind," said poor Mr. Winkle, turning his gun stock uppermost;—"there."

"Anythin' for a quiet life," said Mr. Weller; and on they went again.

3. "Stop," said Mr. Pickwick, after they had gone a few yards further.

"What now?" said Wardle.

"That gun of Tupman's is not safe: I know it isn't," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Eh? What! not safe?" said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of great alarm.

"Not as you are carrying it," said Mr. Pickwick. "I am very sorry to make any further objection, but I cannot consent to go on, unless you carry it, as Winkle does his."

4. "I think you had better, Sir," said the long gamekeeper, "or you're quite as likely to lodge the charge in your own vestcoat as in anybody else's."

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed

his piece in the position required, and the party moved on again ; the two amateurs marching with reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

5. The dogs suddenly came to a dead stop, and the party advancing stealthily a single pace, stopped too.

"What's the matter with the dogs' legs?" whispered Mr. Winkle. "How queer they're standing."

"Hush, can't you?" replied Wardle, softly. "Don't you see, they're making a point?"

"Making a point!" said Mr. Winkle, staring about him, as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape, which the sagacious animals were calling special attention to. "Making a point! What are they pointing at?"

"Keep your eyes open," said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. "Now then."

6. There was a sharp whirring noise, that made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang, went a couple of guns ;—the smoke swept quickly away over the field, and curled into the air.

"Where are they?" said Mr. Winkle, in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions. "Where are they? Tell me when to fire. Where are they—where are they?"

"Where are they!" said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. "Where are they! why, here they are."

7. "No, no; I mean the others," said the bewildered Winkle.

"Far enough off, by this time," replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

"We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes," said the long gamekeeper. "If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he'll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Weller.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, compassionating his follower's confusion and embarrassment.

"Sir."

"Don't laugh."

"Certainly not, Sir."

8. So, by way of indemnification, Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow, for the exclusive amusement of the boy with the leggings, who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh, and was summarily cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted a pretext for turning round, to hide his own merriment.

"Bravo, old fellow!" said Wardle to Mr. Tupman; "you fired that time, at all events."

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Tupman, with conscious pride. "I let it off."

"Well done. You'll hit something next time, if you look sharp. Very easy, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's very easy," said Mr. Tupman. "How it hurts one's shoulder, though. It nearly knocked me backwards. I had no idea these small fire-arms kicked so."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, smiling; "you'll get used to it, in time. Now then—all ready—all right with the barrow there?"

9. "All right, Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Come along then."

"Hold hard, Sir," said Sam, raising the barrow.

"Aye, aye," replied Mr. Pickwick; and on they went, as briskly as need be.

"Keep that barrow back now," cried Wardle, when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field, and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

"All right, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

"Now Winkle," said the old gentleman, "follow me softly, and don't be too late this time."

"Never fear," said Mr. Winkle. "Are they pointing?"

"No, no; not now. Quietly now, quietly."

10. On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally fired, at the most critical moment, over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life," replied poor Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good. "It goes off, of its own accord. It *will* do it."

11. "Will do it!" echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. "I wish it would kill something of its own accord."

"It'll do that afore long, Sir," observed the tall man, in a low, prophetic voice.

"What do you mean by that observation, Sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle, angrily.

"Never mind, Sir—never mind," replied the long gamekeeper;—"I've no family myself, Sir; and this here boy's mother will get something handsome from

Sir Geoffrey, if he's killed on his land. Load again, Sir—load again."

12. "Take away his gun," cried Mr. Pickwick from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long man's dark insinuations. "Take away his gun, do you hear, somebody?"

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command; and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pickwick, reloaded his gun, and proceeded onwards with the rest.

4. *Amateurs.* Inexperienced persons.

Reversed arms. Guns carried in the reverse way, i.e. with the muzzle downwards; the position adopted at a military or royal funeral.

7. *Covey.* A brood of birds.

8. *By way of indemnification.* In order to atone for his conduct.

Contorted his features. Made a grimace.

10. *Intricate evolutions.* Difficult movements.

Critical moment. Most important time.

12. *Insinuations.* Hints as to what may happen.

Volunteered. Offered.

46.—The Pickwick Club out shooting (3)

1. We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state, that Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation, than that adopted by Mr. Winkle. Still, this by no means detracts from the great authority of the latter gentleman, on all matters connected with the field; because, as Mr. Pickwick beautifully observes, it has somehow or other happened, from time immemorial, that many of the best and ablest philosophers, who have been

perfect lights of science in matters of theory, have been wholly unable to reduce them to practice.

2. Mr. Tupman's process, like many of our most sublime discoveries, was extremely simple. With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained were—first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so, without danger to the by-standers ;—obviously, the best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly, and fire into the air.

3. On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the very act of falling wounded to the ground. He was just on the point of congratulating Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced towards him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Tupman," said the old gentleman, "you singled out that particular bird ?"

"No," said Mr. Tupman—"no."

"You did," said Wardle. "I saw you do it—I observed you pick him out—I noticed you, as you raised your piece to take aim ; and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this, than I thought you, Tupman ;—you have been out before."

4. It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary ; and from that time forth, his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily, nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

5. Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle flashed, and blazed, and smoked away, without producing any material results worthy of being noted down; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground, as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy-shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure. It is an established axiom, that "every bullet has its billet." If it apply in an equal degree to shots, those of Mr. Winkle were unfortunate foundlings, deprived of their natural rights, cast loose upon the world, and billeted nowhere.

6. "Well," said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow, and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly red face; "smoking day, isn't it?"

"It is indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick. "The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don't know how you must feel it."

"Why," said the old gentleman, "pretty hot. It's past twelve, though. You see that green hill there?"

"Certainly."

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clock-work."

"So he is," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. "Good boy, that. I'll give him a shilling, presently. Now, then, Sam, wheel away."

7. "Hold on, Sir," said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. "Out of the way, young leathers. If you walley my precious life don't

upset me, as the gen'l'man said to the driver, when they was a carryin' him to Tyburn." And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost dispatch.

8. "Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquising, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. "Wery good thing is a weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it an't kittens; and arter all though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference? Tongue; well that's a wery good thing, when it an't a woman's. Bread—knuckle o' ham, reg'lar pieter—cold beef in slices, wery good. What's in them stone jars, young touch-and-go?"

"Beer in this one," replied the boy, taking from his shoulder a couple of large stone bottles, fastened together by a leathern strap—"cold punch in t'other."

"And a wery good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether," said Mr. Weller, surveying his arrangement of the repast with great satisfaction. "Now, gen'l'men, 'fall on,' as the English said to the French when they fixed bagginets."

9. It needed no second invitation to induce the party to yield full justice to the meal; and as little pressing did it require, to induce Mr. Weller, the long gamekeeper, and the two boys, to station themselves on the grass at a little distance, and do good execution upon a decent proportion of the viands. An old oak tree afforded a pleasant shelter to the group, and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected

with luxuriant hedges, and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out below them.

10. "This is delightful—thoroughly delightful!" said Mr. Pickwick, the skin of whose expressive countenance, was rapidly peeling off, with exposure to the sun.

"So it is—so it is, old fellow," replied Wardle. "Come; a glass of punch."

"With great pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick; and the satisfaction of his countenance after drinking it, bore testimony to the sincerity of the reply.

"Good," said Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips. "Very good. I'll take another. Cool; very cool. Come, gentlemen," continued Mr. Pickwick, still retaining his hold upon the jar, "a toast. Our friends at Dingley Dell."

The toast was drunk with loud acclamations.

DICKENS.

1. *Evinced.* Showed.
Time immemorial. Time beyond record.
2. *Penetration.* Insight; power of finding out.
3. *Philosopher.* One who has a wide and deep knowledge of any science.
4. *Reputation.* Fame as a sportsman.
5. *Precarious tenure.* Uncertainty as to how long they would be retained.
Established axiom. An acknowledged truth.
6. *Foundling.* A child whose parents are unknown.
7. *Billetted.* Lodged.
8. *Invigorated.* Strengthened.
Dexterously. Skilfully.
9. *Soliloquising.* Speaking to himself.
Punch. A drink composed of spirit and water, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with lemon juice.
10. *Viands.* Food.
Loud acclamations. Loud applause.

47.—The Emperor's Bird's Nest

1. Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.
2. Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.
3. Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent
In her nest they spied a swallow.
4. Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest;
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.
5. Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
“ Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho ! ”

6. Hearing his imperial name

Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

7. "Let no hand the bird molest,"

Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

8. Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,

Through the camp was spread the rumour,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humour.

9. So unharmed and unafraid

Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

10. Then the army, elsewhere bent,

Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

11. So it stood there all alone,

Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,

Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

LONGFELLOW.

1. *Charles the Fifth.* Emperor from 1519 to 1555.
2. *Hidalgo.* A Spanish nobleman.
5. *Macho.* Spanish for mule.
7. *Golondrina.* Spanish for swallow. It is also a cant name for a deserter.

48.—“Turk”: A True Tale (1)

1. The question, “Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?” proves that the Oriental dog was never highly esteemed, nor did it occupy the position of its European representative; but it probably existed in a semi-wild state as the scavenger of large cities, precisely as it may be seen at present in the streets and suburbs throughout the East, from Constantinople to Bagdad.

2. But although the dog was despised in the East, and was not often regarded as man’s companion, the general characteristics are not wanting; and I have known cases where the animals have exhibited extreme attachment to persons who have adopted a foundling in the shape of a houseless castaway.

3. It is beyond question that the natural instincts of the canine race can be immensely developed by education, and that an improved brain of highly educated dogs will usually ensure hereditary intelligence. We see this proof of evolution especially in the sheep-dogs, which for many generations have been taught their duties, and perform marvellous feats of

sagacity in picking out strange sheep from their own large flock, and driving the intruders off the mountain-side, in the Scottish Highlands.

4. The pointers, setters, and retrievers are well-known instances where hereditary superiority has been ensured by judicious breeding; while the least sagacious is the greyhound, whose extreme speed enables it to



“A STORY CONCERNING A DOG.”

overtake almost all other animals; therefore the one and only object of its life is to pursue; this pursuit does not tend to brain development, as little intellect is required; it is simply a physical superiority in length of leg, muscular loins, and good wind.

5. When I was a boy, my grandfather frequently told a story concerning a dog which he knew, as a more than ordinary example of the fidelity so frequently exhibited by the race. This animal was a mastiff

that belonged to an intimate friend, to whom it was a constant companion. It was an enormous specimen of that well-known breed, which is not generally celebrated for any peculiar intelligence, but is chiefly remarkable for size and strength.

6. This dog had been brought up by its master from puppy-hood, and as the proprietor was a single man, there had been no division of affection, as there would have been, had the dog belonged to a family of several members. “Turk” regarded nobody but his owner. (I shall now honour Turk by the masculine gender.)

7. Whenever Mr. Prideaux went out for a walk, Turk was sure to be near his heels. Street dogs would bark and snarl at the giant as his massive form attracted their attention, but Turk seldom condescended to notice such vulgar demonstrations; he was a noble-looking creature, somewhat resembling a small lioness; but although he was gentle and quiet in disposition, he had upon several occasions been provoked beyond endurance, and his attack had been nearly always fatal to his assailants. He slept at night outside his master’s door, and no sentry could be more alert upon his watch than the faithful dog, who had apparently only one ambition—to protect and to accompany his owner.

8. Mr. Prideaux had a dinner-party. He never invited ladies, but simply entertained his friends as a bachelor; his dinners were well known; the best cuisine and the finest wines were but secondary to the quality of his guests, who were always men of reputation either in the literary world, or in the modern annals of society. The dog Turk was in-

variably present, and usually stretched his huge form upon the hearthrug.

9. It was a cold night in winter, when Mr. Prideaux's friends were discussing the third bottle of port after dinner; and the conversation turned upon the subject of dogs. Almost every person had an anecdote to relate, and my own grandfather, being present, had no doubt added his mite to the collection, when Turk suddenly awoke from a sound sleep, and having stretched himself until he appeared to be awake to the situation, walked up to his master's side, and rested his large head upon the table.

1. *Is thy servant, etc.* See 2 Kings viii. 13.
Oriental dog. The dog of the countries in the East.
Scavenger. Cleaner of streets.
Constantinople. Capital of Turkey.
Bagdad. On the Tigris, in Asiatic Turkey.
2. *Foundling.* An orphan; here means a dog without an owner.
3. *Canine race.* Dog tribe. (*L. canis* = a dog.)
Hereditary intelligence. Intelligence transmitted from parent to offspring.
Evolution. Development going on from one generation to another.
4. *Brain development.* Increased intelligence.
5. *Fidelity.* Faithfulness.
7. *Condescended.* Deigned.
Vulgar demonstrations. Low signs of attention.
Assailants. Those who attack.
8. *Cuisine.* Cookery.
Men of reputation. Well-known men.
9. *Discussing the third, etc.* Talking whilst drinking the third bottle of wine.

49.—“Turk”: A True Tale (2)

1. “Ha ha, Turk!” exclaimed Mr. Prideaux, “you must have heard our arguments about the dogs, so you have put in an appearance.”—“And a magnificent specimen he is!” remarked my grandfather; “but although a mastiff is the largest and most imposing of the race, I do not think it is as sensible as many others.”

2. “As a rule you are right,” replied his master, “because they are generally chained up as watch-dogs, and have not the intimate association with human beings, which is so great an advantage to house-dogs; but Turk has been my constant companion from the first month of his existence, and his intelligence is very remarkable.

3. “He understands most things that I say, if they are connected with himself; he will often lie upon the rug with his large eyes fixed upon me as though searching my inward thoughts, and he will frequently be aware instinctively that I wish to go out; upon such times he will fetch my hat, cane, or gloves, whichever may be at hand, and wait for me at the front door. He will take a letter or any other token to several houses of my acquaintance, and wait for a reply; and he can perform a variety of actions that would imply a share of reason seldom possessed by other dogs.”

4. A smile of incredulity upon several faces was at once perceived by Mr. Prideaux, who immediately took a guinea from his pocket, and addressed his dog. “Here, Turk! they won’t believe in you! . . . take

this guinea to No. — — — Street, to Mr. — — —, and bring me a receipt.”

5. The dog wagged his huge tail with evident pleasure, but to the danger of the wine-glasses upon the table; and, the guinea having been placed in his mouth, he hastened towards the door; this being opened, he was admitted through the front entrance to the street.

6. It was a miserable night; the wind was blowing the sleet and rain against the windows; the gutters were running with muddy water, and the weather was exactly that which is expressed by the common term, “not fit to turn a dog out in”; nevertheless, Turk had started upon his mission in the howling gale and darkness, while the front door was once more closed against the blast.

7. The party were comfortably seated around the fire, discussing the most excellent wine, and much interested in the success or failure of the dog’s adventure.

“How long will it be before we may expect Turk’s return?” inquired an incredulous guest.

8. “The house to which I have sent him is about a mile and a half distant, therefore if there is no delay when he barks for admission at the door, and my friend is not absent from home, he should return in about three-quarters of an hour with an acknowledgment. If, on the other hand, he cannot gain admission, he may wait for any length of time,” replied his master.

9. Bets were exchanged among the company—some supported the dog’s chances of success, while others were against him. The evening wore away;

the allotted time was exceeded, and a whole hour had passed, but no dog had returned. Fresh bets were made, but the odds were against the dog. His master was still hopeful.

“I must tell you,” said Mr. Prideaux, “that Turk frequently carries notes for me, and as he knows the house well, he certainly will not make a mistake; perhaps my friend may be dining out, in which case Turk will probably wait for a longer time.”

10. Two hours passed; the storm was raging. Mr. Prideaux himself went to the front door, which flew open before a fierce gust the instant that the lock was turned. The clouds were rushing past a moon but faintly visible at short intervals, and the gutters were clogged with masses of half-melted snow. “Poor Turk!” muttered his master, “this is indeed a wretched night for you. . . . Perhaps they have kept you in the warm kitchen, and will not allow you to return in such fearful weather.”

11. When Mr. Prideaux returned to his guests, he could not conceal his disappointment. “Ha!” exclaimed one who had betted against the dog, “I never doubted his sagacity. With a guinea in his mouth, he has probably gone into some house of entertainment where dogs are supplied with dinner and a warm bed, instead of shivering in a winter’s gale!”

12. Jokes were made by the winners of bets at the absent dog’s expense, but his master was anxious and annoyed. The various bets were paid by the losers, and poor Turk’s reputation had suffered severely.

13. It was long past midnight; the guests had departed, the storm was raging, and violent gusts

occasionally shook the house. Mr. Prideaux was alone in his study, and he poked the fire until it blazed and roared up the chimney.

“What can have become of that dog?” exclaimed his master to himself, now really anxious; “I hope they kept him; most likely they would not send him back upon such a dreadful night.”

14. Mr. Prideaux’s study was close to the front door, and his acute attention was suddenly directed to a violent shaking and scratching, accompanied by a prolonged whine. In an instant he ran into the hall, and unlocked the entrance door. . . . A mass of filth and mud entered. . . . This was Turk!

15. The dog seemed dreadfully fatigued, and was shivering with wet and cold. His usually clean coat was thick with mire, as though he had been dragged through deep mud. He wagged his tail when he heard his master’s voice, but appeared dejected and ill.

16. Mr. Prideaux rang the bell, and the servants who were as much interested as their master in Turk’s failure to perform his mission, attended the summons. The dog was taken downstairs, and immediately placed in a large tub of hot water, in which he was accustomed to be bathed.

17. It was now discovered that in addition to mud and dirt, which almost concealed his coat, he was besmeared with blood! Mr. Prideaux himself sponged his favourite with hot soap and water, and, to his astonishment, he perceived wounds of a serious nature; the dog’s throat was badly torn, his back and breast were deeply bitten, and there could be no doubt that he had been worried by a pack of dogs.

This was a strange occurrence, that Turk should be discomfited!

18. He was now washed clean, and was being rubbed dry with a thick towel while he stood upon a blanket before the kitchen fire.

2. *Intimate association.* Close companionship.
4. *Incredulity.* Unwillingness to believe.
6. *Mission.* Errand.
11. *Sagacity.* Shrewdness; intelligence.
12. *Turk's reputation.* High character for sagacity.
14. *Acute attention.* Sharpness in listening for sounds.
15. *Dejected.* Cast down; low spirited.
17. *Besmeared.* Covered all over.
Discomfited. Defeated.

50.—“Turk”: A True Tale (3)

1. “Why, Turk, old boy, what has been the matter? Tell us all about it, poor old man!” exclaimed his master.

The dog was now thoroughly warmed, and he panted with the heat of the kitchen fire; he opened his mouth . . . and the guinea which he had received in trust dropped on the kitchen floor!

2. “There is some mystery in this,” said Mr. Prideaux, “which I will endeavour to discover to-morrow. . . . He has been set upon by strange dogs, and rather than lose the guinea, he has allowed himself to be half killed, without once opening his mouth in self-defence!

“Poor Turk!” continued his master, “you must have lost your way, old man, in the darkness and storm; most likely confused after the unequal fight.

What an example you have given us wretched human beings, in being steadfast to a trust!”

3. Turk was wonderfully better after his warm bath. He lapped up a large bowl of good thick soup mixed with bread, and in half an hour was comfortably asleep upon his thick rug by his master's bedroom door. Upon the following morning the storm had cleared away, and a bright sky had succeeded to the gloom of the preceding night.

4. Immediately after breakfast, Mr. Prideaux, accompanied by his dog (who was, although rather stiff, not much the worse for the rough treatment he had received), started for a walk towards the house to which he had directed Turk upon the previous evening. He was anxious to discover whether his friend had been absent, as he concluded that the dog might have been waiting for admittance, and had been perhaps attacked by some dogs belonging to the house, or its neighbours.

5. The master and Turk had walked for nearly a mile, and had just turned the corner of a street when, as they passed a butcher's shop upon the right hand, a large brindled mastiff rushed from the shop-door, and flew at Turk with unprovoked ferocity.

6. “Call your dog off!” shouted Mr. Prideaux to the butcher, who surveyed the attack with impudent satisfaction. “Call him off, or my dog will kill him!” continued Mr. Prideaux.

7. The usually docile Turk had rushed to meet his assailant with a fury that was extraordinary. With a growl like that of a lion, he quickly seized his antagonist by the throat; rearing upon his hind legs, he exerted his tremendous strength, and in a fierce

struggle of only a few seconds, he threw the brindled dog upon its back.

8. It was in vain that Mr. Prideaux endeavoured to call him off: the rage of his favourite was quite ungovernable; he never for an instant relaxed his hold, but with the strength of a wild beast of prey, Turk shook the head of the butcher's dog to the right



“HE HAD NOW DRAGGED THE BUTCHER'S DOG OFF THE PAVEMENT.”

and left, until it struck each time heavily against the pavement. . . . The butcher attempted to interfere, and lashed him with a huge whip.

9. “Stand clear! fair play! don't you strike my dog!” shouted Mr. Prideaux. “Your dog was the first to attack!”

In reply to the whip, Turk had redoubled his fury, and, without relinquishing his hold, he had now dragged the butcher's dog off the pavement, and

occasionally shaking the body as he pulled the unresisting mass along the gutter, he drew it into the middle of the street.

10. A large crowd had collected, which completely stopped the thoroughfare. There were no police in those days, but only watchmen, who were few and far between; even had they been present, it is probable they would have joined in the amusement of a dog-fight, which in that age of brutality was considered to be sport.

11. “Fair play!” shouted the bystanders. “Let ‘em have it out!” cried others, as they formed a circle around the dogs. In the meantime, Mr. Prideaux had seized Turk by his collar, while the butcher was endeavouring to release the remains of his dog from the infuriated and deadly grip.

12. At length Mr. Prideaux’s voice and action appeared for a moment to create a calm, and, snatching the opportunity, he, with the assistance of a person in the crowd, held back his dog, as the carcass of the butcher’s dog was dragged away by the lately insolent owner. The dog was dead!

13. Turk’s flanks were heaving with the intense exertion and excitement of the fight, and he strained to escape from his master’s hold to once more attack the lifeless body of his late antagonist. At length, by kind words and the caress of the well-known hand, his fury was calmed down.

14. “Well, that’s the most curious adventure I’ve ever had with a dog!” exclaimed the butcher, who was now completely crestfallen.

“Why, that’s the very dog! he is so—that’s the very dog who came by my shop late last night in the

howling storm, and my dog Tiger went at him and towzled him up completely. I never saw such a cowardly cur; he wouldn't show any fight, although he was pretty near as big as a costermonger's donkey; and there my dog Tiger nearly eat half of him, and dragged the other half about the gutter, till he looked more like an old door-mat than a dog; and I thought he must have killed him; and here he comes out as fresh as paint to-day, and kills old Tiger clean off as though he'd been only a biggish cat!"

15. "What do you say?" asked Mr. Prideaux. "Was it your dog that worried my poor dog last night, when he was upon a message of trust? My friend, I thank you for this communication, but let me inform you of the fact, that my dog had *a guinea in his mouth* to carry to my friend, and rather than drop it, he allowed himself to be half killed by your savage Tiger. To-day he has proved his courage, and your dog has discovered his mistake. This is the guinea that he dropped from his mouth when he returned to me after midnight, beaten and distressed!" said Mr. Prideaux, much excited. "Here, Turk, old boy, take the guinea again, and come along with me! you have had your revenge, and have given us all a lesson." His master gave him the guinea in his mouth, and they continued their walk.

16. It appeared, upon Mr. Prideaux's arrival at his friend's house, that Turk had never been there; probably after his defeat he had become so confused that he lost his way in the heavy storm, and had at length regained the road home some time after midnight, in the deplorable condition already described.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

5. *Brindled mastiff.* A mastiff with striped fur.
7. *Antagonist.* Opponent.
9. *Relinquishing.* Letting go.
11. *Infuriated.* Savage.
14. *Crestfallen.* Dispirited ; cast-down.
Towzled. Defeated.
Costermonger. A hawker of fruit, fish, vegetables, etc.

51.—The Forsaken Merman (1)

[It used to be thought that in the sea there were mermen and mermaids, beings half human and half fish, who were loved by men and women. A merman had married a Christian woman named Margaret ; but she had grown tired of her life in the ocean, and one Easter deserted her husband and children and went back to the world again.]

Come, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below !
 Now my brothers call from the bay :
 Now the great winds shoreward blow ;
 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away !
 This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—

10

Call once yet !

In a voice that she will know :

“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”

Children’s voices should be dear

(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ;

15

Children’s voices, wild with pain—

Surely she will come again !

Call her once and come away ;

 This way, this way !

“ Mother dear, we cannot stay ! ”

20

The wild white horses foam and fret.

 Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down !

 Call no more !

One last look at the white-walled town,

25

And the little grey church on the windy shore ;

 Then come down !

She will not come though you call all day,

 Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday

30

We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell

The far-off sound of a silver bell ?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

35

Where the winds are all asleep ;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;

Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;

Where the sea-beasts ranged all round

Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ;

40

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;

Where great whales come basking by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye ?

45

When did music come this way ?

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away ?

Once she sate with you and me,

50

On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.

She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.

She sighed, she looked up through the clear green
sea ;

55

She said, " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.

Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !

And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee."

I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves !

60

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.

65

Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say ;

Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the
bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down,

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was
still,

70

To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

6. *White horses.* The foaming waves.

7. *Champ.* Foam as horses do when they bite their bit.

10. *Call her.* Throughout the poem the merman is supposed to be speaking to his children. They are here told to call their mother.
40. *Ooze.* Soft mud or slime.
42. *Mail.* Hard coats.
Bush. Lie at rest in the heat.

52.—Bill Beresford and the Victoria Cross (1)

[In 1878 Zululand, a country to the north-east of Natal, was invaded by the English. Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, refused to give up his cruel practice of killing people untried, and would not receive a British resident. His large army of fighting men was also a source of danger to Natal. Lord Chelmsford was the English commander.]

1. We had good information as to Cetewayo's strength, thanks to the brave Dutch trader who was his prisoner, and whom he had utilised to write the communications he sent to Lord Chelmsford; at the foot of the last letter the honest fellow, disregarding the risk, had written—"Use caution, he has 20,000 men here." But it was desirable, in view of the contingency of Cetewayo proving stubborn, to gain some detailed knowledge of the ground in our front, over which the final advance would have to be made.

2. So on the morning of July 3rd, orders were issued that Buller at mid-day should take out his irregulars across the river, and make a reconnaissance of as much of the plain beyond as the Zulus might see fit to permit.

He was not to bring on an engagement, since Cetewayo's "close-time" was not yet up; he was to disregard straggling opposition, but was at once to retire in the face of serious resistance.

3. These droll irregulars never took much pains about parading. Neither smartness nor uniformity was a desideratum. The fellows dressed how they liked, or rather, perhaps, how they could: their only weapon, besides the revolver, a Martini-Henry rifle, each man carried as seemed unto him best, providing that he carried it somehow, somewhere about himself or his pony. The only uniform accoutrement was the bandoleer in which the cartridges were carried.

4. When they got ready, they mounted; when he found around him a reasonable number of mounted men, the leader of the corps started; his fellows followed in files, and the men who were late overtook the detachment at a canter. No man skulked; the majority were keen enough for fighting, and the timid, if there were any, had to pretend to be as zealous as their comrades. Buller and Beresford were always in the saddle early, waiting for the firstlings of the muster.

5. The leader of the irregulars and his staff-officer sat on their horses in front of Evelyn Wood's tent, waiting for their fellows to come on the ground. Buller, alongside of Baker, headed the procession of horsemen down toward the river, Beresford temporarily remaining to see the turnout complete and close up the command. Before Buller was at the waterside, he had galloped up to the head of the column, for it was his place, as ever, to lead the advance; Buller bringing on the main body behind the scouts.

6. The arrangements were simple; and there was no delay down by the Umvaloosi bank, where the accelerated fire from the Zulus in the kopje over against them whistled over the heads of the horsemen; over whom too screamed the shells from the guns in

front of the laager that were being thrown in among the crags where the Zulus lurked.

The spray of the Umvaloosi dashed from the horse-hoofs of the irregulars, as they forded the river on the right of the kopje, and then bending to the left round it, took it in reverse.

7. The Zulus who had been holding it had not cared much for the shell fire, ensconced among the rocks as they were, but were quick to notice the risk they ran of being cut off by the movement of the horsemen, and made a bolt of it.

8. Beresford's fellows galloped hard to intercept them, Bill well in front, sending his chestnut along as if he were "finishing" in front of the stand at Sandown. The Zulu induna, bringing up the rear of his fleeing detachment, turned on the lone man who had so outridden his followers.

9. A big man, even for a Zulu, the ring round his head proved him a veteran. The muscles rippled on his glistening black shoulders as he compacted himself behind his huge flecked shield of cowhide, marking his distance for the thrust of the gleaming assegai held at arm's length over the great swart head of him.

10. Bill steadied his horse a trifle, just as he was wont to do before the take off for a big fence; within striking distance he made him swerve a bit to the left ——he had been heading straight for the Zulu, as if he meant to ride him down.

The spear flashed out like the head of a cobra as it strikes; the sabre carried at "point one" clashed with it, and seemed to curl round it; the spear-head was struck aside; the horseman delivered "point two" with all the vigour of his arm, his strong seat, and



"THE SABRE'S POINT WAS THROUGH THE SHIELD."

From a sketch by Melton Prior.

the impetus of his galloping horse; and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the sabre's point was through the shield, and half its length buried in the Zulu's broad chest. The brave induna was a dead man before he dropped; the sword drawing out of his heart as he fell backward.

11. His assegai stands now in the corner of Bill's mother's drawing-room.

1. *Bill Beresford.* Brother of the Lord Charles Beresford who distinguished himself at the bombardment of Alexandria and the expedition for the relief of General Gordon.

Contingency. An unforeseen event.

2. *Buller.* Lieutenant-General Sir Redvers Henry Buller.

Irregulars. Soldiers not in regular service.

Reconnaissance. Examination.

“*Close-time.*” The time he had been allowed to come to a decision.

3. *Paruding.* Assembling in military order.

Desideratum. A thing to be desired.

Accoutrement. Necessary military article.

5. *Staff-officer.* A soldier whose duty it is to assist the commander in carrying out his plans.

Evelyn Wood. General Sir Henry Evelyn Wood.

Baker. Major-General Sir Thomas Durand Baker.

Scouts. Those sent in advance to explore.

6. *Umvaloosi.* A river of Zululand.

Koppie. A little hill.

Laager. A temporary fortification made with waggons.

7. *Ensconced.* Sheltered.

8. “*Finishing.*” Ending the race.

Sandown. A famous race-course.

Induna. A Zulu chief.

9. *Veteran.* One well skilled in war.

Assagai (as'-ă-gă). A dart or spear.

Swart. Black.

10. *The take off, etc.* The preparation for a leap in a steeple-chase.

“*Point one.*” The reference is to the positions assumed in sword drill.

53.—Bill Beresford and the Victoria Cross (2)

1. Beresford's Zulu was the only man slain with the "white arm" in hand-to-hand combat during the day, but of the fugitives whom the dead induna had commanded, several fell under the fire of the fellows who followed that chief's slayer. The surviving Zulus ran into the nearest military kraal, Delyango. Out of it the irregulars rattled them, as well as the few Zulus who had been garrisoning it.

2. A detachment had been left behind—a fortunate precaution taken by Buller—to cover the retreat by holding the kopje in the rear; and then the force—Beresford and his scouts still leading, the main body spread out on rather a broad front—galloped on through the long grass across the open, bending rather leftward in the direction of the Nodwengo, the next military kraal in the direction of Ulundi.

3. In front of the horsemen there kept retiring at a pace regulated by theirs, about two hundred Zulus, all who were then visible anywhere on the face of the plain. These shunned Nodwengo, leaving it on their right, and heading straight for Ulundi.

4. The irregulars drew rein long enough for a patrol to ride into Nodwengo and report it empty. Then the horses having got their wind, the rapid advance recommenced. It really seemed a straight run in for Buller and Beresford as they set their horses' heads for Ulundi and galloped on. The idea had occurred to many in the force that Cetewayo must have abandoned his capital and withdrawn his army into the hill country close behind Ulundi.

5. Those irregular horsemen had no very keen sense of discipline, and in a gallop, a forward gallop especially, were rather prone to get out of hand. Buller's hardest task was to restrain this impulse, and it was well that day that he was exerting himself all he knew to curb the ardour of his fellows. Beresford's advance-detachment, scouts as they were, were of course straggled out rather casually over the whole front.

6. Everything seemed prosperous. No enemy showed anywhere save the two hundred fugitive Zulus, falling back ahead of our fellows at the long easy run which takes the Zulu over the ground with surprising speed and which he can keep up hour after hour without a symptom of distress.

7. Their flight was a calculated snare; those fugitives were simply a wily decoy. Suddenly from out a deep, sharply-cut watercourse crossing the plain, and invisible at two hundred yards' distance, sprang up a long line of Zulus, some two thousand strong, at once confronting and flanking the horsemen. Simultaneously the whole plain around them flashed up into vivid life. Hordes of Zulus had been lying hidden in the long grass.

8. Buller's alert eye had caught the impending danger, and his voice had rung out the command "Retire" ere yet the bullets of the sudden Zulu volley whistled through and over his command.

9. Three men went down smitten by the fire. Two were killed on the spot and never stirred; we found their bodies next day shockingly mangled.

The third man's horse slipped up in the abrupt turn, and his rider for the moment lay stunned. But Beresford, riding away behind his retreating

party, looked back at this latter man, and saw him move up into a sitting posture.

1. *Kraal*. A village or collection of huts.
2. *Ulundi*. The head-quarters of Cetewayo. Its capture by Lord Chelmsford broke the power of the Zulu chief.
4. *Patrol*. A small body of soldiers under a corporal.
6. *Symptom*. Sign or appearance.
7. *Calculated snare*. A well-thought-out trap or plan to deceive.
- Wily decoy. Persons employed to lead others artfully into danger.
- Flanking*. Being on the side of.
- Simultaneously*. At the same time.
8. *Alert*. Quick.
9. *Posture*. Position.

54.—Bill Beresford and the Victoria Cross (3)

1. He who would succour in such a crisis must not only be a brave man, but also a prompt man, quick to decide and as quick to act. The issue of life or death hangs at such a time on the gain or waste of a moment.

The Zulus, darting out from the watercourse, were perilously close to the poor fellow; but Beresford, used on the racecourse to measuring distance with the eye, thought he might just do it, if he were smart and lucky.

2. Galloping back to the wounded man, he dismounted, and ordered him to get on his pony. The wounded man, dazed as he was, even in his extremity was not less full of self-abnegation than was the man who was risking his own life in the effort to save his.

He bade Beresford remount and go; why, he said in his simple manly logic—why should two die when death was inevitable but to one?

3. Then it was that the quaint resourceful humour of his race supplied Beresford with the weapon that prevailed over the wounded man's unselfishness.

He swore with clenched fist that he would punch the wounded man's head if he did not allow his life to be saved. This droll argument prevailed.

4. Bill partly lifted, partly hustled the man into his saddle, then scrambled up somehow in front of him, and set the good little beast agoing after the other horsemen. He only just did it; another moment's delay and both must have been assegaied. As it was, the swift-footed Zulus chased them up the slope, and the least mistake made by the pony must have been fatal.

5. Indeed, as Beresford was the first gratefully to admit, there was a critical moment when their escape would have been impossible, but for the cool courage of Sergeant O'Toole, who rode back to the rescue, shot down Zulu after Zulu with his revolver as they tried to close in on the rather helpless pair, and then aided Beresford in keeping the wounded man in the saddle until the safety of the laager was attained.

6. There was danger right up till then; for the hordes of Zulus obstinately hung on the flanks and rear of Buller's command, and the irregulars had over and over again to shoot men down at close quarters with the revolver; more than once the fighting was hand-to-hand and they had to club their rifles.

7. If the Zulus had kept to their own weapon, the assegai, the loss among Buller's men would have been

very severe; but they had extensively armed themselves with rifles that had fallen into their hands at Isandlwana, with the proper handling of which they were unfamiliar. They pursued right up to their own bank of the Umvaloosi, and blazed away at our

fellows long after the river was between them and us.

8. Of course, cumbered with a wounded and fainting man occupying his saddle while he perched on the pommel, Beresford was unable to do anything toward self-protection, and over and over again on the return ride, he and the man behind him were in desperate strait, and but for O'Toole and other comrades must have gone down.

When they alighted in the laager you could not have told whether it was

rescuer or rescued who was the wounded man, so smeared was Beresford with borrowed blood.

9. It was one of Ireland's good days; if at home she is the "distressful country," wherever bold deeds are to be done and military honour to be gained, no nation carries the head higher out of the dust.

10. If originally Norman, the Waterford family have been Irish now for six centuries, and Bill Beresford is an Irishman in heart and blood. Sergeant Fitzmaurice, the wounded man who displayed a self-



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

abnegation so fine, was an Irishman also; and Sergeant O'Toole—well, I think one runs no risk in the assumption that an individual who bears that name, in spite of all temptation, remains an Irishman.

So, in this brilliant little episode the Green Isle had it all to herself; and Lord William was commanded to Windsor to receive the reward "for Valour" from the hands of his Sovereign.

11. But there is something more to be told. Honest as valiant, he had already declared that he could not in honour receive any recognition of the service it had been his good fortune to perform, unless that recognition were shared in by Sergeant O'Toole, who he persisted in maintaining deserved infinitely greater credit than any that might attach to him.

12. Queen Victoria can appreciate not less than soldierly valour, soldierly honesty, generosity, and modesty; and so it came about that the next *Gazette* after Lord William Beresford's visit to Windsor contained the announcement that the proudest reward a soldier of our Empire can aspire to had been conferred on Sergeant Edmund O'Toole, of Baker's Horse.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

1. *Succour.* Help.
Crisis. A time of extreme danger.
2. *Self-abnegation.* Self-denial. The thinking of one's self last.
Logic. Way of reasoning.
Inevitable. Certain.
3. *His race.* Beresford was an Irishman.
Droll. Funny; odd.
5. *Critical moment.* A moment in which the issue was uncertain.
7. *Isandlwana.* A detached force under Colonel Durnford

were here surrounded by overwhelming hordes of Zulus, and almost entirely perished.

8. *Cumbered*. Encumbered ; burdened.
-
- Desperate strait. Very hard pressed.
10. *Waterford family*. The fourth Marquis of Waterford was the father of Lord Charles and Lord William Beresford.
- Assumption*. Supposition ; the act of considering.
- Episode*. A story introduced to give greater variety to the events related.
- Commanded*. A request made by the Queen is known as a "command."

55.—The Forsaken Merman (2)

We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sat by the pillar ; we saw her clear ;
" Margaret, hist ! Come quick, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone. 5

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah, she never gave me a look,

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more ! 10

Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully. 15

Hark, what she sings : " O joy, O joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy !

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;

For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun ! ”

20

And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;

25

And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,

30

And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;

For the cold grey eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children,
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.

35

She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.

40

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.

45

Singing : “ Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.”

50

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow ;
 When clear falls the moonlight ;
 When spring-tides are low ;
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starred with broom,
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanched sands a gloom ;
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright sea-weed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white sleeping town ;
 At the church on the hill-side—

55

60

65

And then come back down.
 Singing : “ There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she !
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea.”

70

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

2. *Leaded panes.* Diamond-paned windows, the glass of which is set in lead.
4. *Hist.* Listen.
28. *Anon.* Soon.
47. *Mortal.* A human being who is subject to death.
50. *Kings of the sea.* The mermen.
60. *Hie.* Hasten.

56.—The Old Sergeant (1)

1. The scene of my little story is a sequestered hill-parish away up among the brown moors and sullen pinewoods of northern Scotland, and the date of it is full forty years ago, when I was a boy living in the grey old manse down in the sheltered glen which was the only picturesque "bit" of all the parish whose minister my father was. It was a curiously primitive region. Its crofters and farmers lived out their lives and were laid in the old graveyard up on the hillock —hardly a soul of them having ever been twenty miles outside the parish bounds.

2. Our young men stayed at home and tilled the sour cold land laboriously but contentedly. There were a few exceptions, it is true. Now and then a young fellow would take the Queen's shilling, and go out from among us on a career of soldiering. They seldom came back, for Cardwell's name had not yet been heard in the land, and short service in the army was a reform undreamed of. When a man 'listed then, it was nominally for life; actually, until his bodily vigour was so impaired that he was held no longer fit for service, and then he got a pension for the remainder of his days.

3. But what with hard service abroad, what with cholera in Hindustan and Yellow Jack in the West Indies, what with poor fare in barracks and on noxious crowded transports, no great proportion of the soldiers of those days managed to keep alive long enough to attain the pensioned period. There was but one

army-pensioner in our parish, and he is “the old sergeant” of my story.

4. They were grand old specimens, those veterans of a bypast era. To them the credit of their old regiment and the honour of the service were dearer than anything else in all the world. They had a great self-respect that had been instilled by the discipline they had undergone, and by the dangers they had passed through. They had a single-hearted loyalty to the Crown they had served, and a manly belief in the country which their strong arms and ready weapons had helped to save. It is no doubt all right in a military sense that there are no old soldiers among us now; but of this I am sure, that in a good many respects the country is the worse for the want of them.

5. There was a Sunday morning of my boyhood which I remember as if it were yesterday. The Sunday school, held in the grey old schoolroom on the edge of the wood in the centre of which stood the parish kirk, had just been dismissed. The bell had not yet begun to ring, but it was the custom of the great straggling parish to hold its grand weekly palaver, summer and winter alike, on the little wood-encircled open space around the kirk, during the half-hour before the simple Presbyterian service began.

6. To this end, the folk who were to constitute the congregation were gathering, coming in by twos and threes along the various paths centring on the kirk. The farm lads, with their straw-coloured or red hair cut square in the nape of the neck, brilliant as to chest in their scarlet or blue plush vests studded with

big white bone buttons, clumped kirkward in their heavy hobnailed boots, exchanging now and then a word of clumsy badinage with the lasses in their tartan



"THE PARISH KIRK."

shawls, and the knitted stockings and stout shoes they had put on after wading the burn down in the hollow.

7. I could discern my mother's bonnet as she climbed the steep knoll, with a little cohort of my

younger brothers and sisters by her side, walking orderly, as beseemed the day and the occasion.

1. *Sequestered.* Partly hidden ; quiet.
Manse. The dwelling-house of a Scotch clergyman.
Picturesque "bit." Striking piece of scenery.
Primitive region. Old-fashioned place.
Crofters. A croft is a small field attached to a house or near it. A crofter is one who cultivates this.
2. *Take the Queen's shilling.* Enlist as a soldier.
Cardwell. A Secretary of State for War, who introduced the short service system into the army.
Nominally. In name.
3. *Yellow Jack.* Yellow fever ; so called because the skin of those attacked with it turns quite yellow.
Transports. Ships employed for the conveyance of soldiers, stores, etc.
4. *Veteran.* One who has had much experience.
A bypast era. A time long gone by.
5. *Kirk.* A Scotch church.
Palaver. Idle talk.
Presbyterian service. The service held in the churches ruled by presbyters (ministers and elders) as in Scotland.
6. *Badinage* (bad'-i-nazh). Banter ; playful talk.
7. *Cohort.* A small body. Among the Romans a cohort was a body of soldiers varying from 42 to 600.

57.—The Old Sergeant (2)

1. Ha ! there was old Robbie Strachan nailing up a notice on the half-open church door, and now he was unfastening the bell-rope from its hook high up on the porch wall, preparatory to the statutory twenty minutes' tolling of the clangorous old bell up there on the stumpy belfry.

2. We boys, keenly alert, were watching Robbie's every motion, rejoicing in the prospect of one of our

chiefest weekly joys; for Robbie when he was in a good humour, would let us have the rope and do the ringing, all save the peremptory final peals known as the "ringing in," while he conversed sedately with a knot of his cronies.

3. Robbie Strachan, the bellman and "kirk officer" of our parish, was a tall, gaunt old fellow, lean-faced and high-featured, straight still as a pine, although in his time he had put in forty years of hard soldiering. His regulation mutton-chop whiskers, white as snow, just reached the corners of his grim old mouth, the rest of his lined visage closely shaven. You would have known him at a glance for an old soldier, by his balanced step, his square shoulders, and his disciplined attitudes; he stood proclaimed yet more plainly by the well-brushed threadbare trews of Gordon tartan that encased his lean and wiry nether limbs.

4. Robbie had been a sergeant in the local regiment, the gallant Ninety-Second, and in its ranks had borne the brunt of many a stubborn fray. He had worn the brogues from off his feet in Moore's disastrous retreat on Corunna, and had helped to bury that noble chief "by the struggling moonbeam's misty light and the lantern dimly burning."

5. He had been in the thick of the fierce bayonet struggle in the steep street of Fuentes de Oñoro, had climbed the ridge to the desperate fight of Albuera, and had taken a hand in carrying the bridge of Almarez. A wound had kept him from Salamanca, but he was in Graham's front line on the day of Vittoria, and had many a tale of the rich plunder that fell to the conquerors in that short, sharp, and decisive combat.

6. He had heard the bullets patter on the rocks of

Roncesvalles, had waded the “bloody Bidassoa” under the shadow of the lofty Rhune, and was only hindered from being in at the death in the final desperate struggle on the glacis of Toulouse, by having got a bullet in the chest as he waded up to the knees behind Picton through the marsh which Soult vainly imagined protected his front at Orthez.

7. Robbie was but a corporal when he went down at Orthez, but he was full sergeant on that wet June morning of the following year when “Cameron’s pibroch woke the slumbering host” to range itself in “battle’s magnificently stern array !”

Bullets had an unpleasant habit of finding their billets in him, and he was knocked over again on the forenoon of Waterloo when hanging on to the stirrup-leather of a Scots Grey in the memorable charge of the “Union Brigade” and shouting “Scotland for ever !” in unison with the comrades of horse and foot hailing from the land of cakes.

8. The army surgeons in their cheery manner pronounced him as full of holes as a cullender, and were for invaliding him then and there as unfit for further service ; but Robbie stoutly pleaded that he would be as good a man as ever when his wounds were healed, and triumphantly made good his words.

9. So he had put in fifteen years’ subsequent soldiering, and had heard the British drum-beat all round the world, ere, some ten years before the date of my story, he had been retired with a sergeant’s pension for life and something additional for wounds. He was an old man now, but he carried his years well, and was still a good man in the harvest field, or with

the spade. Most of his work with that implement was done in the manse garden, and we manse boys used to spend hours in listening to his stories of his old fighting days, while he made the drills for the garden peas, or dibbled in the kail plants in the plot behind the gooseberry bushes.

10. He and his old wife, who had seen a great deal of the world from the top of a baggage-waggon, but who was a most worthy domestic soul, lived together in a cottage at the back of the wood. The couple had an only son. When the youth grew into a strapping lad, Robbie had marched him down to Gordon Castle, to take counsel concerning his boy's future, with his patron the Duke.

11. It was in Robbie's strong arms that the Duke —then Lord March—had lain, when the surgeons probed unsuccessfully for the bullet that pierced his chest on the day of Orthez, and which His Grace carried in him to the grave. As the result of this conference, Robbie had taken his son into Aberdeen, and enlisted him in his own old corps, the Gordon Highlanders.

12. I remember the young fellow coming home on furlough, and the sensation among the simple folk as he swaggered up to the kirk in his flowing tartans and with the ostrich-feather bonnet on his handsome head. Old Robbie was a proud man that day, for his son had the corporal's stripe already on his arm, although he had been barely three years a soldier.

1. *Statutory.* Commanded by law.

Clangorous. Making a clang, i.e. a sharp ringing sound.

2. *Peremptory.* Commanding.

Cronies. Intimate acquaintances.

3. *Regulation mutton-chop whiskers.* Whiskers worn at the sides of the face, and carefully trimmed in accordance with the rules laid down in the army regulations.
Lined visage. Furrowed face.
- Trews.* Trousers.
- Gordon tartan.* The tartan, or checked cloth of the pattern worn by the Gordon clan.
- Nether limbs.* Legs. *Nether* means lower.
4. *Stubborn fray.* Hard-fought battle.
- Brogues.* A Gaelic word meaning shoes.
- Moore.* Sir John Moore, killed at Corunna 13th January 1809. The quotation below is from "The Burial of Sir John Moore" by the Rev. Charles Wolfe.
- 4, 5, 6. *Corunna, etc.* All these battles occurred in the Peninsular War 1808-14.
5. *Graham.* General Graham, a gallant Scotchman, served under the Duke of Wellington.
6. *Glacis.* A gentle slope.
- Picton.* General Picton.
- Soult.* Marshal Soult, the French commander.
7. *Cameron's pibroch.* The pibroch is the wild, martial music of the bagpipe. See Byron's *Childe Harold*, Canto III.
- Land of cakes.* Scotland: famous for its oatmeal cakes.
12. *On furlough.* On leave of absence from duty.

58.—The Old Sergeant (3)

1. The old man stepped out from under the kirk wall with the bell-rope in his hand, and we boys darted forward to make our request that he would hand it over to us and let us do the ringing for him. But there was a strange stern expression in his face that gave us pause. "No the day, laddies," was all he said, as he took post at the corner of the stone dyke, and began to sway the chafed old rope.

2. We stood silently by, in wonder at his mood. We had known him cross; but he was not cross now:

in the gloomy set face and the unwonted silence there was something quite new and strange to us. And yet another strange thing, his wonted cronies held away from him this morning. There was something mysterious in the air.

3. The people, as they gathered in the open space outside the kirk, formed little muttering knots. From these, every now and then, a person would drop out, and strolling up to the kirk door in a seemingly purposeless way, would stand there a while looking up at the notices displayed on it, and then saunter back to the group he had left, or drift into another.

4. It was curious that, no matter wherever you looked, every one seemed to be stealing furtive glances at Sergeant Robbie, standing out there by himself swaying the bell-rope with his long lean arms. And furtive as they were, the old man was clearly conscious of those glances. His face grew harder, grimmer, and more set; yet once or twice gazing up at him in my bewilderment with a boy's curiosity, I thought I noticed a quivering of the muscles about the close-gripped lips.

5. The "ringing in" was finished, and the congregation had passed into the kirk.

As Sergeant Robbie, carrying the big pulpit Bible, strode up the aisle in front of the minister, it seemed to me that I had never seen him carrying so high that old white head of his, with the cicatrix of the Waterloo bullet in the gnarled forehead. Every eye was on the old fellow, and he knew it, and bore himself with a quiet courage in which somehow there came to be felt an element of pathos.

6. It was curious again how all eyes centred upon

him when in his extempore prayer the minister besought "consolation for those who were in sore trouble and mourning over the falling away of one near and dear to them." Robbie stood straight and square, his face fixed—only his lean brown throat swelled for a moment as if he were resolutely forcing down a spasm of emotion. Tibbie his wife stood by his side, and when the old soldier laid his hand on her shoulder she quelled with a strong effort her rising sobs.

7. The simple service ended, the people streamed out through the door that Robbie had thrown open; we of the manse party were the last to emerge.

It was part of Robbie's duty, as kirk officer, to "cry" to the dispersing congregation all notices placed in his hands for purposes of publicity, the duplicates of which he had previously nailed on the kirk door.

8. As we came out Robbie was standing in the centre of a large circle, calling out the particulars of a sale.

"Fower good stots, three milk kye, a pair of working horses, farm implements, household furniture," and so on.

1. *Chafed.* Rubbed ; frayed.
4. *Furtive glances.* Stolen or sly glances.
5. *Cicatricc.* The scar which remains after a wound has healed.
- Gnarled.* Not smooth.
- Element of pathos.* Sign of deep feeling.
6. *Extempore prayer.* A prayer composed at the time of its use.
- Spasm of emotion.* A sudden attack of strong feeling.
7. *To cry.* To announce.
- Duplicates.* Exact copies.
8. *Fower good stots.* Four young bullocks.
- Kye.* Cows. The old plural of eow was *cyy*.

59.—The Old Sergeant (4)

1. This finished, there was a pause. Sergeant Robbie folded up the sale advertisement; as he did this his hand was trembling so that it fell to the ground. He stooped, picked the paper up and put it in the rear pocket of his coat; then from out his breast-pocket he pulled a folded blue document. He braced himself firmly, came to rigid "attention" as if he were in the presence of his commanding officer, and slowly opened out the blue paper.

2. "Dinna read it, Robbie!" "Dinna read it, sergeant!" came from a dozen voices in the sympathising circle around him. "It's no necessar'—ye needna, ye maunna read it," cried the senior elder, James Cameron, of the Gauldwell, with a sob in his thin old voice.

3. It was as if the sergeant heard no word of dissuasion. He had opened out the paper and was holding it between his hands, standing there braced at "attention" and fighting down the working in his throat that momentarily was staying his voice.

Behind him, as he thus struggled, broke out the piteous wail "Oh, my laddie, my laddie!" from the very depths of poor Tibbie's heart, followed by a burst of loud sobs.

4. The water was standing in the sergeant's eyes. but the spasm was out of his throat now, and in a steady strong voice that carried far, he read out the print on the face of the blue paper. And this was what it befell him to have to read :

WHEREAS No. 1420, Corporal Peter Strachan of

the 92nd Regiment, age twenty-four years, height five feet eleven inches, complexion ruddy, hair red, eyes blue, distinguishing marks none, enlisted at Aberdeen on the——day of——1844, born in the Parish of Auchterturff, in the County of Banff, and resident in said parish before enlistment: DESERTED from the said regiment at Montreal, Canada, on the——day of——1848: The lieges are hereby warned under pain of law against harbouring the said deserter, and are strictly enjoined to give immediate information to the nearest police officer should they become cognisant of his whereabouts, to the end that he may be apprehended and duly punished.

ALASTAIR MCPIERSON, Col., Comg.

Gordon Highlanders.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

5. The sergeant uttered the final invocation in a loud firm tone, and a graceless callant in the background, unwitting of the tragedy of the situation, cried "Hurrah." Otherwise there reigned a dead silence, as the old man, turning to his wife, gave her his arm with a certain courtliness rare among north country husbands of the humbler classes, and conducted her out of the little throng.

The pair were allowed to get out of hearing ere the little stir of comment and condolence set in—it did not last long, for most of the folk had to trudge some distance to their homes.

6. I remember watching the lonely couple as they wended their way along the path by the side of the wood, the dumpy huddled figure in the dull shawl leaning against the tall spare form in the quaint old

blue coat that had once belonged to the Duke, and the threadbare tartan trews that were a relic of the old regimentals.

1. "*Attention.*" A position assumed by soldiers at the word of command.
2. *Mauuna.* Must not.
Elder. An officer in a Presbyterian church.
3. *Momentarily.* At every moment.
4. *Montreal.* A port of Canada on an island in the St. Lawrence.
Lieges. Servants of the sovereign ; people.
Harbouring. Hiding.
Become cognisant. Learn.
5. *Invocation.* The prayer to God for assistance or protection,
e.g. "God save the Queen."
Graceless callant. Rude, unfeeling person.
Courtliness. Refinement.
Condolence. Grief for the misfortunes of others.
6. *Duffle shawl.* A shawl made of a sort of flannel felt,
said to be so called from Duffel in the Netherlands.
Regimentals. All the articles of a soldier's dress.

60.—The Old Sergeant (5)

1. From that Sunday old Sergeant Robbie was an altered man. Never more did he cross the hill for the once cherished "crack" with his Peninsular friend the Duke. He duly came to his work in the manse garden, but we boys hung about him in vain for stories of his old fighting days ; a great silence had fallen upon the old man. His lean figure began to lose its erectness, and soon you scarcely would have known him for a veteran soldier.

2. From that Sunday Robbie was a man of mono-syllables, and even my mother could not penetrate his grim reserve. He became yet more laconic after

he lost Tibbie, who never held her head up from the day she knew of her son's disgrace. The poor old woman faded out within a couple of years, and Robbie had no longer the consolation that comes from having sorrow shared.

3. After her death he gave up his duties as bellman and kirk officer, and scarcely left his cottage except to attend church. When I went to say farewell to him before leaving home to go to school, I found him sitting in front of the fire, staring blankly at the smouldering peats. That was the last time I saw the old man.

4. A year or two later a letter from home told me that old Robbie had heard from his son. The deserter, it appeared, had made his way to Chicago, had gone into some business in that stirring place, and was making money fast. He had written home begging his parents—he had not heard of his mother's death—to come out to him in America, and had enclosed a draft for an ample sum of money to pay the charges of the voyage and journey.

The stern old man would hold no terms with the son who had disgraced his parents and dishonoured his uniform. He told my father curtly that he had folded the draft in a blank sheet of paper, and sent it back by return of post.

5. The tough old soldier, weary of life as he was, lasted a few years longer. At length one day the parish was stirred by the news that he had been found lying dead in a ditch some three miles away from his cottage, about half-way between it and the village of Keith. And before that day was done, the parish throughout its length and breadth knew also that Robbie's son, the deserter, had been apprehended

and carried off to jail by Neil Robertson, the head of the county police.

6. The strange details were gathered piecemeal. A niece, a girl, who had come to live with the old man in his later feebleness, told that one night late a knock had come to the cottage door. The old man had opened it himself and was confronted by his son. She had overheard their brief colloquy. The son had begged the father to forgive him, and to leave home at once with him for America; he had a conveyance close by, and they might start immediately.

7. The stern father had bidden the son begone out of his sight. He would not let the young man pass the threshold of the cottage, and told him plainly that if he did not quit the neighbourhood without an hour's delay, he would inform against him. With that he had shut the door in his son's face, prayed with tears and groans for two hours, and then lain down in his clothes.

8. Before daylight the son had returned to the cottage, having, he told her, spent the night in the adjacent wood, and from outside the window had adjured his father to see him, if but for a moment. The old man would speak no word, lying silent in the press-bed opposite the fire; and as the day dawned the son had gone away, calling out to his father that he would come back again at night.

9. The old man had lain late, groaning and praying in bed; about noon he had got up, read a chapter of the Bible aloud, and taking his stick had gone forth. She had hoped he had gone to look for his son: but he never came back, and the next thing she heard was that he had been found dead. The son

had returned at night, but she had "steekit" the door, and made no answer when he called.

10. Neil Robertson, the head of the county police, furnished the sequel of the sad story.

The old sergeant had come to his house in Keith as the short day was waning, and said he had come to do his duty and formally lodge the information that Peter Strachan, a deserter from the 92nd Regiment, had been to his cottage that morning, and that he believed him to be still in its neighbourhood. Robertson, knowing the relationship, had been reluctant to take the information, but the sergeant had sternly bidden him do his duty, as he was doing his.

¶ 11. The old man was quite exhausted, Robertson testified, and he had begged him to take some rest and had offered him refreshment. But he had declined either to rest or to eat and drink, and had gone straight away.

The life had gone out of the old sergeant as he was sadly trudging homeward, having done what he held to be his duty, as a true liegeman of the Crown, in whose service he had fought and bled.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

2. *Man of monosyllables.* A man who replied as shortly as possible; usually in one word.

Laconic. Short in speech.

4. *Chicago.* In the United States on Lake Michigan, the "granary of the West."

6. *Piecemeat.* A little at a time.

Colloquy. Conversation.

8. *Adjured.* Prayed earnestly.

9. *Steekit.* Fastened.

10. *Sequel.* Conclusion.